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THE SPHERE, APRIL 8, 1939
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Vol. CLVII No. 2046 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC APRIL 8 1939

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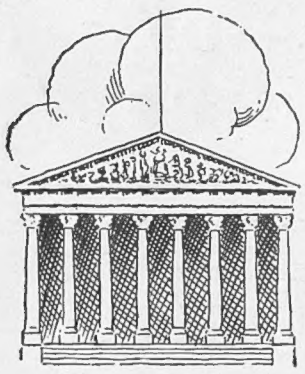

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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, April 8, 1939

COLONEL BECK COMES TO LONDON

Poland's Foreign Minister With Lord Halifax and the Polish Ambassador on Arrival at Victoria Station

Backed by almost 100 per cent. of his countrymen, for whom the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia has proved a potent unifying force, Colonel Joseph Beck, Poland's astute Foreign Minister, journeyed to London this week, and on Tuesday began his talks with Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax, their discussions being based on Britain's momentous assurance to go to the aid of Poland in the event of any clear-cut threat to her independence. How far Poland would make this pledge reciprocal, what other countries would join in the scheme for mutual security, and a dozen other questions, down to the future of Danzig, were reportedly on the table for discussion. Colonel Beck has certainly been faced with no easy task in London, as Poland's is a position of peculiar delicacy. Like a nut in a nut-cracker she stands between Germany and her old enemy Russia, and her two decades of independence have been maintained only by steering a careful middle course. Colonel Beck has himself been responsible for this policy, revealing in his work both dexterity of mind and a flair for conciliatory diplomacy

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

ROYALTY'S BUSY ROUND: *Above*—The Queen receiving notabilities at Guildhall at the function in aid of the Safer Motherhood Campaign, and (*above on right*) the King pictured during his tour of aircraft factories in Lancashire, when he learnt many secrets of Britain's elaborate aerial rearmament programme. The visit coincides with the twenty-first anniversary of the R.A.F. and the Air Ministry

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4
Wednesday, April 5, 1939.

FRANCE STANDS FIRM.—

M. Daladier made some confident assertions about the solidarity of the French nation in the face of great danger and in the efficiency of her army as a striking force. He knows better than we do what he is talking about. We at least know what France is capable of in the way of eleventh-hour conversion to solidarity and what her army can do when zero hour comes. The manner of his speech we may all applaud with unqualified right to form a judgment. He was strong, he was clear, he was dignified; he used no threats, taunts, jeers or boasts. He left wide open the door to negotiation, appeasement and that peace the world is sick for, if those who nurse grievances will enter it, not in the guise of shrieking hooligans but of civilised men. Mussolini has done miracles in Italy. He has given back to her all those things which *can* make a nation great, respected and influential. Yet she has lost as much as she has gained by the Axis, and no one knows it better than the Duce, though educated Italians know it well enough. If Hitler in his juggernaut course bring world war in Europe, whatever be the ultimate end, Italy must be the first to suffer and the first to break up, the first to be shorn of all that she has won for herself. Those achievements she might even now have put on a sure basis of security if she had been self-confident enough to use the methods of dignified diplomacy and civilised decency. But she took her cue from the stage-directions of the Nazis, and has consistently ranted, shrieked, stamped, boasted and shaken her fist, never formulating reasonable arguments, seldom approaching appeasement or settlement by methods which alone civilised nations can listen to. It is not too late. She will still find France and England sympathetic, for there is room for all in the Mediterranean, and every reason why Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Italians should stand together there for peace and culture and civilisation. But if she continue the hooliganism and catcalls, if she give her Gaydas yet more rope and licence, relying on the might of Germany and taking her cue from Nazism, world war will inevitably result and the ultimate end will be desperate tragedy for all—but for Italy first and worst. The Italian Empire will be the first to disintegrate, and Italy will receive more stabs than Cæsar did.

DEMOCRATIC SOLIDARITY.

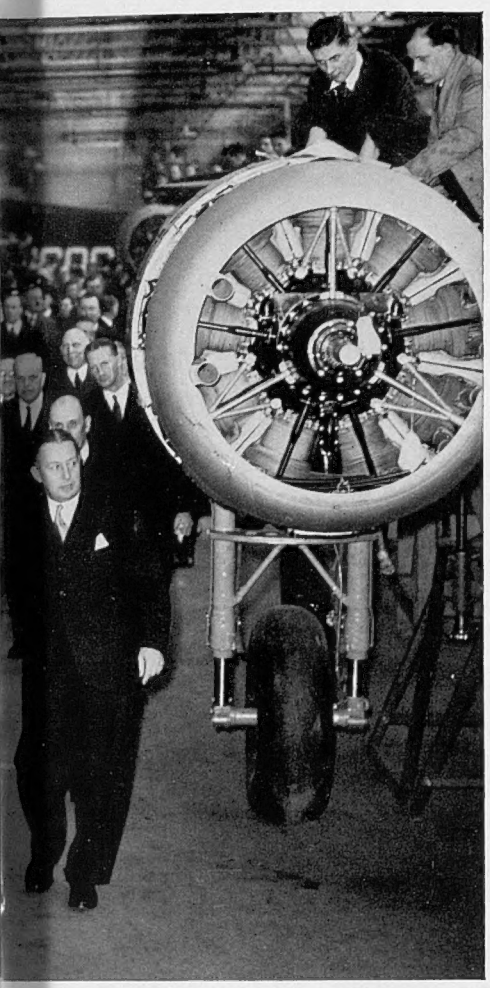
—The British Premier, speaking for two mighty nations (unique proof of Franco-British solidarity), issued before the recess a declaration of great historic importance. He declared that Britain and France would come to the aid of Poland by all means in their power if the independence of Poland were threatened by any action which her Government felt it vital to resist with her national forces. It was an interim statement, while the larger issue of a league of sane nations to resist aggression is still being discussed by ambassadors. That statement amounts to "temporary cover" pending the issue of the insurance certificate. It might mean that we should be in a state of war as the result of a week-end *putsch*. Therefore, the Premier's wording was meticulously weighed. We are pledged to prevent the *extermination of Polish independence as a nation* from to-day until a new security for national independence is built up. For any action that stops short of such extermination, the guarantee is conditioned by the circumstances. Fearful as the implications might be, there can be few in Britain and France who do not feel happier and more proud of their countries for this long-needed stand against an intolerable tyranny and hooliganism. Civilisation (including, I think, the German and Italian peoples) has weighed Nazism in the balance and found it wanting in honour, decency, humanity, justice; in all those qualities which make civilised existence endurable and liberty possible. And, loathing, as we do, the madness of war more than ever, we are proud and thankful to have at last declared that we prefer it to slavery. We turn to consider the implications of the more permanent insurance policy.

THE PACT.—

Mr. Chamberlain's critics began to raise their heads and growl very soon after the first hint had been given of the Government's intention to negotiate an anti-aggression bloc. I am afraid in the height of our indignation and anxiety we jumped to conclusions. Within forty-eight hours many people were asking why the bloc was not formed and voicing its fears that Russia had once more been snubbed. After a week's reflection one saw more clearly Mr. Chamberlain's intense difficulties. First: There is Germany's ruthlessly swift action. If any bloc is to be effective to prevent further acts of domination, the signatory powers would ideally be compelled to keep on a war footing and "at an hour's notice" a "mobile column" of a million men or so. And even so, the next blow might fall 1,000 miles from where it was expected. Conclusion: How can any bloc, however well organised and ready, *prevent* an act of aggression, carried out in Hitler's ruthless way? Second: It is conceivable that an outraged Europe might bind itself and organise itself to *undo* an act of aggression—e.g., to attempt now by force of arms to compel Germany to restore independence to Czechoslovakia. Conclusion: We know very well—the preservation of peace being still and always the first article in the policy of sane statesmen—that no bloc could be formed in cold blood (to include Britain, France and Russia) to undo that *fait accompli*. Third: That being so, whatever pact be possible, its machinery must still be cumbersome and slow to move, and its articles hedged in with conditions and fraught with uncertainty. How, for example, is the act of aggression to be defined as justifying world war? It could not be instantly agreed on by the signatories. Britain or France or Russia might well say: Such and such an action by Germany (e.g., the overrunning of the State of Ruritania, a signatory to the pact) was not so entirely unjustified as to justify our country in sacrificing 1,000,000 lives to redress the wrong. There was provocation, due to private national aspirations, on the part of Ruritania. These difficulties, expressed in childish language, are none the less *real*. When it comes down to brass tacks, the ideal looks less practicable, if not less estimable and necessary. We must judge of the progress announced from time to time with these considerations in mind.

BROWN ON RESOLUTION.

—Germany is in the position of the sailor Brown on Resolution Island. With a supply of rifles and ammunition, hidden in a cleft in the rocks, utterly ruthless, and able to turn his fire east, west, south, or north, he is a match for a polyglot posse, attacking in the open, with no ordered plan or leadership—just as long as his ammunition holds out. On calmer reflection, we could sympathise in Mr. Chamberlain's appalling difficulties and excuse his delays, even while the sands were running out. In a word, getting down to brass tacks, a pact to prevent more aggression must be fraught with difficulty; a pact to undo a *fait accompli* is still unthinkable by the democracies. And that is not to take into consideration the real difficulties in the way of securing the bloc, whether effective as an instrument or not. There is no doubt a *general*



be impressed by it, a majority of the country declares that it is necessary and there is not unanimity even in the Socialist opposition to it. If the Cabinet cannot be unanimous in giving effect to the will of the majority in this crisis of our fate, then it needs reconstructing. Those ministers who fear to lose votes, who dare not trust the country, ought to go into the wilderness.

BETWEEN TWO WORLDS.

—What we need to-day, and have needed so badly in the past six months of perpetual crisis, is two sets of standards, two minds, by which to judge of values and to decide issues which face us. Poor frail man cannot have these spare parts for emergencies. We are living on the borders of two worlds and we have but the standard measures of one with which to weigh the values of the other. That fact accounts for much which we deplored as muddle and compromise by our leaders and unpatriotic holding back by the rank and file. While we drive on to the rocks, we are still concerned not to be cheated of our rights to sit at the captain's table. While civilisation totters, we still plan to send our boy to Eton, still strive for that baronetcy which our party contribution so richly merits, still consider that billeted children would seriously damage our lacquer bureau and antique carpet. I know of a couple who since Munich have lived with bare walls round them, while indifferent oil paintings of let no man cast a stone at his neighbour. Aren't we all? How indeed can we be other than the weak vessel nature made us?

A HOLIDAY.

— No release! no release! Yet the alienist, if not your family doctor, would soon convince you that you *must* have a change. To harp perpetually one theme on one string, that leads to Bedlam, where, as I said last week, a frenzied accountant is even now working out the number of words which have been said and written about Hitler in the past decade throughout the world. There is Hitler in our food, in our books, in our sleeping, in our waking, in our recreations, in our crossword puzzles (the anagram-makers have just discovered that A. HITLER is an anagram of THE LIAR); the golf balls we hit are Hitler, the weeds we eradicate are Hitler, the air we breathe is nasty with Nazism. Is it fear or something not much less potent that has made him a bogy, as Boney was in 1800? I veritably believe that then, as now, it was a bogy of sheer boredom. We loathe to be bored and we are fed up to the front teeth with this man who has all the virtues and vices of the crass bore.

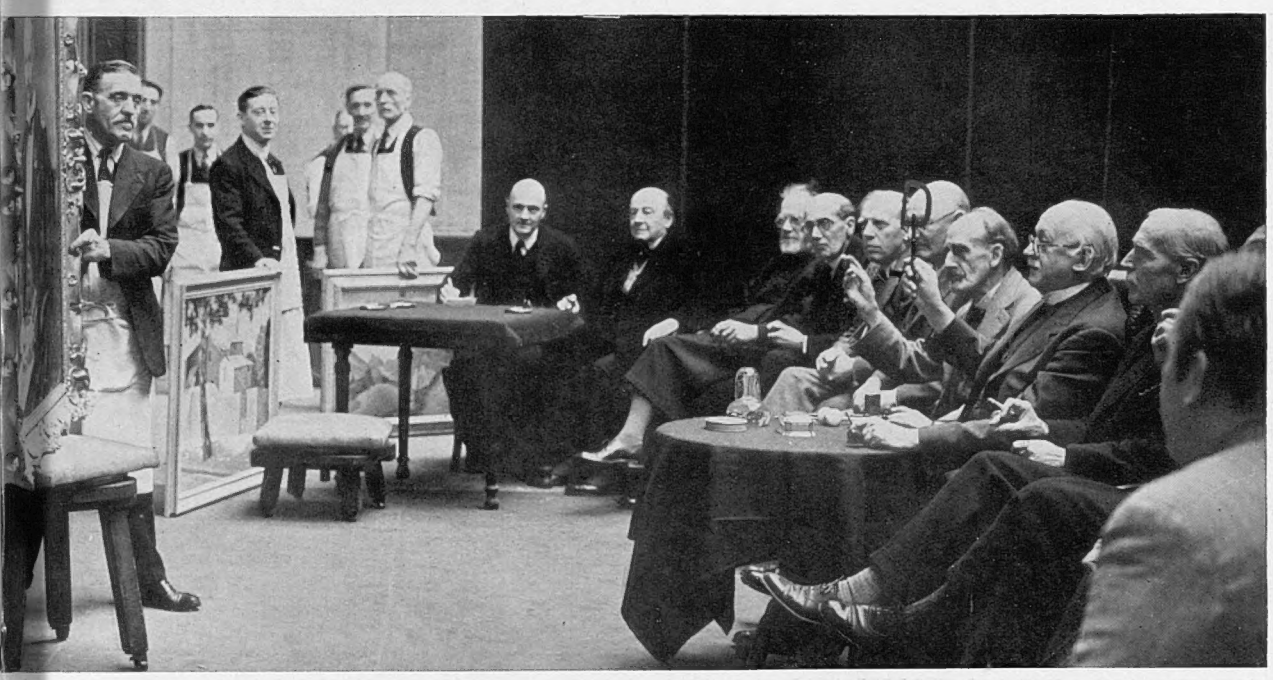
DON'T SAY IT.

—We must have a holiday. Positively (if the bogy permits), I will write no more of the man and his plans and actions this week and next. Easter is the first holiday of the year; when Nature smiles it is the most thrilling and delicious of the year. For it is our annual Renaissance—the rebirth of hope when tired, disillusioned people "creep out again to feel the sun" and look forward to six months during which life will be less intolerably difficult to live, less expensive, less anxious, less perpetually laborious. The ideal from my point of view would be not to write at all. But that ideal raises hard, economic facts. No doubt it is better to live to write than to write to live, as too many of us do. Write, write! What shall I write? I should like to write a fairy story of knights and lorn damsels; I should like to write a seventeenth-century pastoral, or the records of a Saxon manor house; or a Kailyard romance. To write of any time but the present, of any continent but Europe, of any name but that of which the anagram is THE LIAR! For the man has become something worse than a terror to civilisation. He has become Public Bore No. 1. It is not for his triumphs and his treacheries that I abhor his name; it is for his universality, his all-pervasion. He is like sand at a picnic on the beach. He is an onion in the hands of a very plain cook-general. It gets into everything—pudding, pies, drinking-water, bread, butter; and up the back stairs into the nursery, drawing-room, and bedrooms.

CRICKET.

—Shall we two months hence be sitting in the sun watching a leisurely game of cricket in progress, smelling the scent of new-mown grass and listening to that deliciously thrilling click when bat meets ball, or will balloons be rising from Lord's and the Oval, and young men be clad otherwise than in white flannels? On the boundaries of two worlds we do not know, but we take heart from the faith shown by the M.C.C. Business as usual—and not as usual. Lord Baldwin resigned one premiership for another. The representations of his present cabinet at least fall on sane ears. It has proposed a scheme to settle the international question and all the powers have agreed. The starch-front attitude of certain groundsmen has been the mischief and the counties concerned have agreed to subscribe to a formula: "Before each season all counties will instruct their groundsmen that the ideal wicket is one which makes the conditions equal as between batsman and bowler, without being dangerous. Counties will give instructions that all wickets will be prepared with this object in view and county committees will accept the responsibility for any criticism." There you see the league of sane nations working under ideal conditions — in short, "playing cricket." Conditions equal for the "ins" and the "outs," the "haves" and the "have-nots"; conditions applicable alike to major and minor counties; to international and village cricket; the pitch fair *without being dangerous;* and no sanctions for the delinquent, but the strong moral disapprobation of majority opinion—which should be enough. It seems a pity that the dictators were not educated in the great game.

THE OLD STAGER

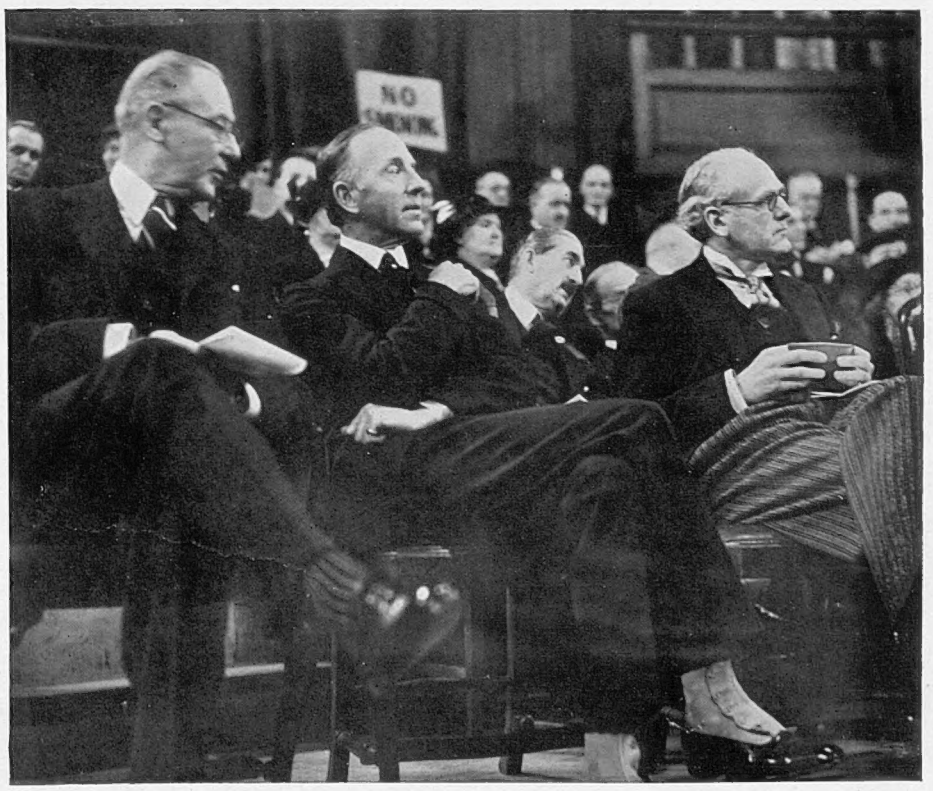


THE ROYAL ACADEMY SELECTION COMMITTEE GETS DOWN TO WORK: Members adjudicating on a portrait during their arduous task of selecting 1,500 or more pictures from the many thousands submitted. Reading from right to left are:—Mr. G. Harcourt, R.A. (holding cigar), Sir Edwin Lutyens (President of the Academy), Mr. O. Hall, R.A., Mr. Harold Knight, R.A., Mr. R. G. Brundrit, R.A., Mr. W. Curtis Green, R.A., and Mr. Eric Gill, A.R.A.

unanimity in the indignation roused by Hitler's lack of faith. But among the sane nations there are political differences and past history which keep them suspicious of one another and as difficult to fuse as oil and water. Poland knows the dangers to her long frontier if she throw herself into the arms of Russia; Rumania has sovereignty over a part of former Russian territory, and so on. . . . Final conclusion: The difficulty of forming a united and solid bloc is as real as its efficacy, once formed, is doubtful. But this country in its present temper could not admit that any difficulties are insuperable and chafed at long delay. It would rather see an unworkable machine turned out—as a gesture or warning or earnest of determination—than another failure to meet the menace by some form of collective security, however handicapped, however partial. And the country also has come to the view that difference of opinion in the Cabinet as to the wisdom of some form of conscription is now nothing more than playing the party game in the face of urgent national danger. Sane Europe demands it of us, insane Europe would themselves lie stored in a safe place in the country. If they had two sets of standards they would realise the absurdity of their precautions. For if one bomb drops near their London house, then it destroys for 100 years commercially whatever value they may now set on their family pictures "safe in the country." There will be no Eton, no baronets, no Christie's, nothing to connect the morrow with to-day, if world war break over Europe in the next year or so. But

On right—

LORD LONDONDERRY AND THE PARTY MACHINE: The former Air Minister (centre) pictured at last week's meeting at Central Hall, Westminster, when for the second year in succession he was elected President of the Central Council of the National Union of Conservative and Unionist Associations



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DOUBLING THE TERRITORIAL ARMY: The Call to the Nation's Manhood

COASTAL DEFENCE is one of the primary functions of Britain's Territorial Army, and here we see members of the force engaged in using a predictor—an instrument for plotting out the course and speed of approaching planes—during anti-aircraft practice by the sea. It came as reassuring news last week when Mr. Chamberlain announced in the House that the Territorial Army, now on a peace establishment of 130,000 men, would be raised forthwith to war establishment by the addition of 40,000 men, and that the augmented number would then be doubled, bringing the total to 340,000. Plans to implement the decision were immediately set on foot

By J. BAKER WHITE

ON January 1, 1933, just over six years ago, the strength of the Territorial Army was 6,901 officers and 120,167 other ranks, making a total strength of 127,068. Since then it has increased slightly, and now comes the announcement that its strength is to be doubled by an intensive recruiting campaign. As recently as October, 1936, there was only one anti-aircraft division, with a strength of 6,756; to-day there is a complete anti-aircraft corps consisting of five divisions with a strength of 69,610. Exactly two years ago the London Division was 74 per cent. of its peace establishment; to-day it is 109·6 per cent. Behind these cold facts lies a magnificent story—the story of the rebirth of the Territorial Army.

For the serving Territorial soldier the year 1932 had been one of almost unrelieved gloom. The strength of the force had fallen, appeals for recruits seemed to fall on deaf ears, the War Office was apparently equally deaf to requests for new equipment and accommodation. The future seemed hopeless, and despair was creeping into the hearts of the officers and men who had joined the force on its re-creation after the war.

Incidentally, the nation can never sufficiently acknowledge its debt to those stalwarts who kept the flag flying in the dark years and kept alive the spirit that burns like a clear flame in the hearts of the 200,000 citizen soldiers of to-day. I was not one of them, but I remember very vividly my first camp—in 1935—with the regiment in which I am serving, the London Rifle Brigade. We attempted reality in the field with sections of three men, and flags to represent the missing ones. Our inadequate transport was horse-drawn, our automatic weapons were elderly Vickers guns and even more antique Lewis guns. Gas respirators were unknown. When we go to camp this year in the New Forest as part of the London Division we shall be fully motorised. As the regiment is now about 120 over peace establishment the sections in the field will probably be over-size. Every man has his respirator and is trained in its use, and there is an adequate supply of Bren guns, anti-tank rifles and other weapons for realistic training.

Army Territorial formation can tell the same story. The anti-aircraft corps is getting its new 3·7 guns—said to be the finest anti-aircraft gun in the world—at a rate that has surprised even the most optimistic, and the searchlight units can afford to forget the days when they had to train without lights. To-day the Territorial Army is a counterpart of the Regular Army—complete with its own mobile division, motorised divisions, and that new and unique formation, a motor-cycle battalion. Almost every week sees a new drill hall completed. Equipment is not yet perfect nor absolutely sufficient, but it is doubtful if it ever can be while the strategy and methods of warfare are changing so rapidly. With the greatly increased strength and responsibilities of the force even more new training facilities and weapons are needed, but the change that has taken place in the past two years is quite amazing.

What are the factors that have contributed to the rebirth of the Territorial Army? One, of course, has been the complete change in the attitude of the War Office towards it. Six years ago Whitehall seemed to regard the Territorial Army as rather a nuisance—anyhow it treated it as such, and it had no real voice in the running of its own affairs. To-day the Territorial Army is part of our front line defences, its representatives hold high positions in the War Office, including a seat on the Army Council. Junior Territorial officers attend the valuable fortnight's course in the summer at Sandhurst or Woolwich—the instructors give up a fortnight of their leave to make it possible—and a number of T.A. officers in all parts of the country are now taking a correspondence staff course, culminating in a fortnight at the Staff College. There is even a Territorial officer at the Imperial Defence College. Higher authority has completely changed its attitude to the volunteer army, and for all his critics may have to say the change has taken place since Mr. Hore-Belisha became War Secretary.

Another, and vital, factor has been the attitude of many thousands of employers of labour, including local authorities and public utility companies. By giving a fortnight's extra holiday with pay to all men attending camp, by rearranging working hours so that men can get to their drills, by serving on recruiting committees and giving sites for posters, in these and many other ways the employers have assisted the rebirth of the Territorial Army.

I have seen something of the assistance given by Lloyd's, the great insurance concern, to the auxiliary forces. Not only do its members give their staffs an extra fortnight's holiday with pay, but in several cases they pay their regimental subscriptions for them and make donations to the funds of units in which they are particularly interested, while the chairman and committee of Lloyd's give every possible facility by lending rooms for recruiting exhibitions and other functions.

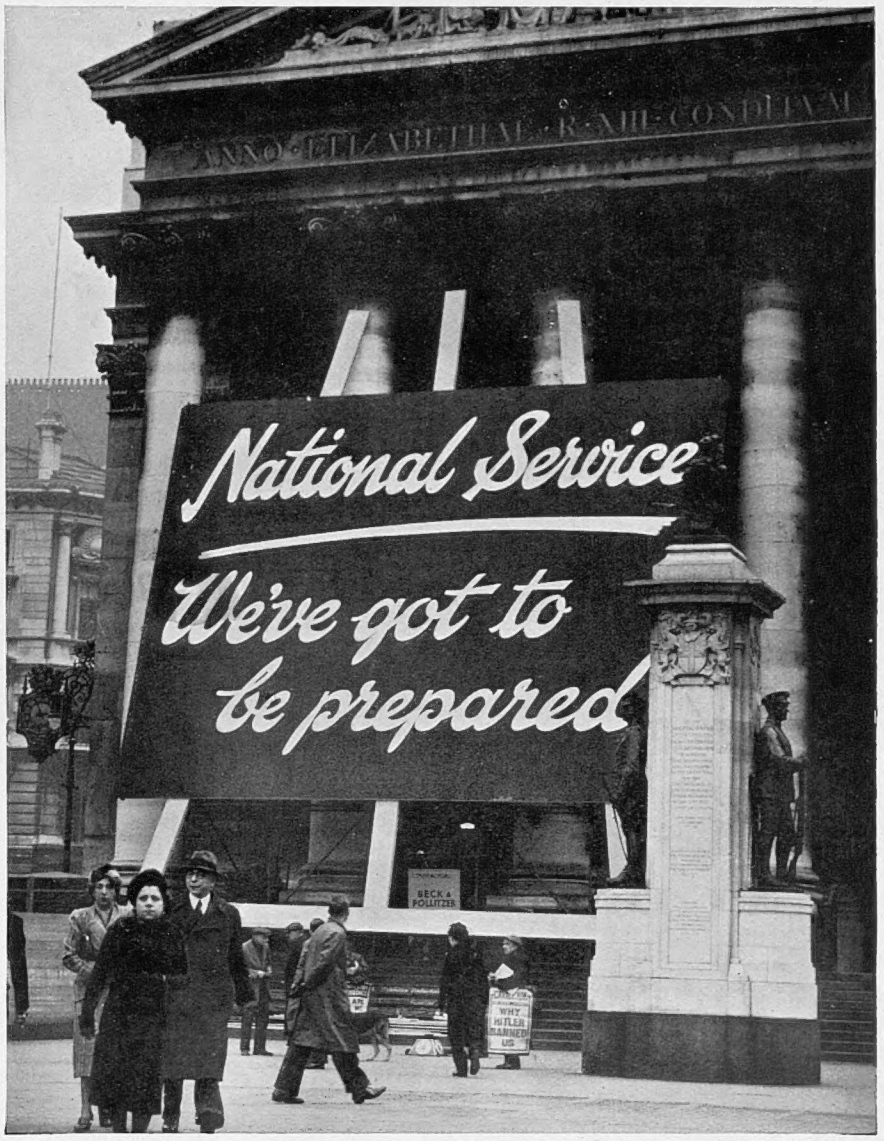
Perhaps, however, the most potent factor of all in the Territorial Army's rebirth has been the vast change in the outlook of the young men of Britain. Within the past two years thousands of them have come to realise that service to their country was more important than personal leisure and amusement, that Britain was in real and grave danger and that the responsibility for defence rested upon them. Once their eyes were opened they did not hesitate, and the men who have joined the auxiliary forces in the past year are of the finest type of British manhood.

A RESPLENDENT FIGURE: After receiving the C.B., Lieut.-Colonel G. H. Bower, chairman of the Kincardine Territorial Association, leaves Buckingham Palace

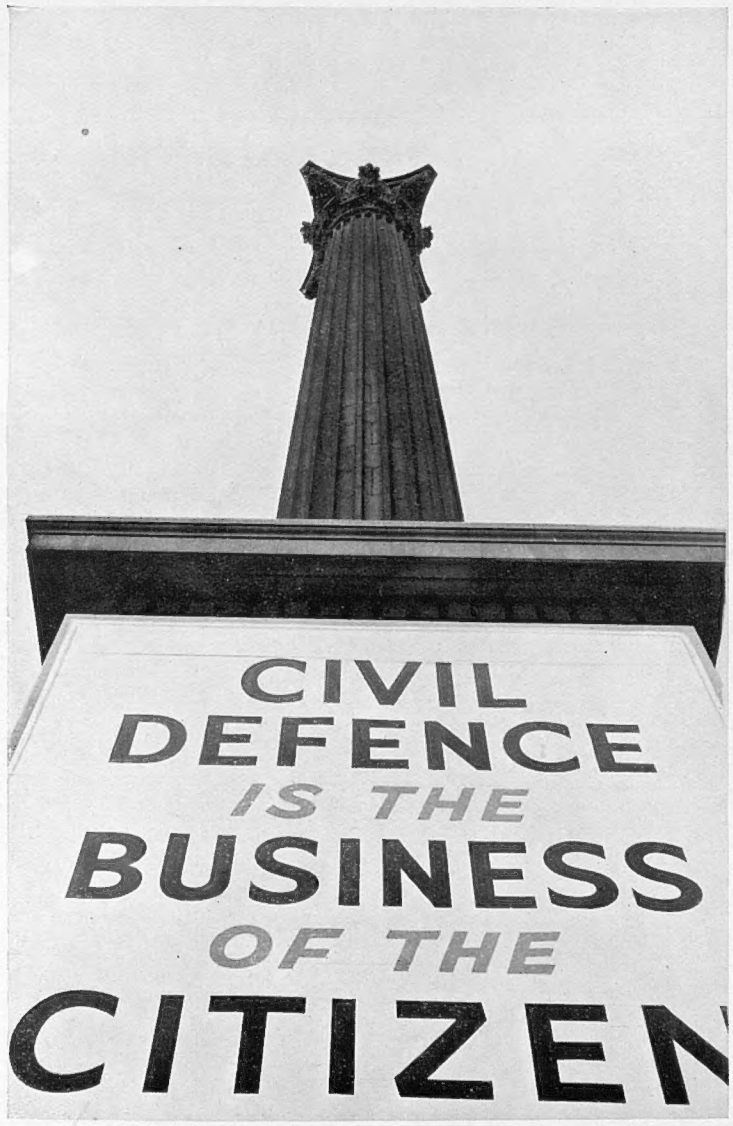
THE CLARION CALL TO NATIONAL SERVICE

An Advertising Campaign on Monster Lines

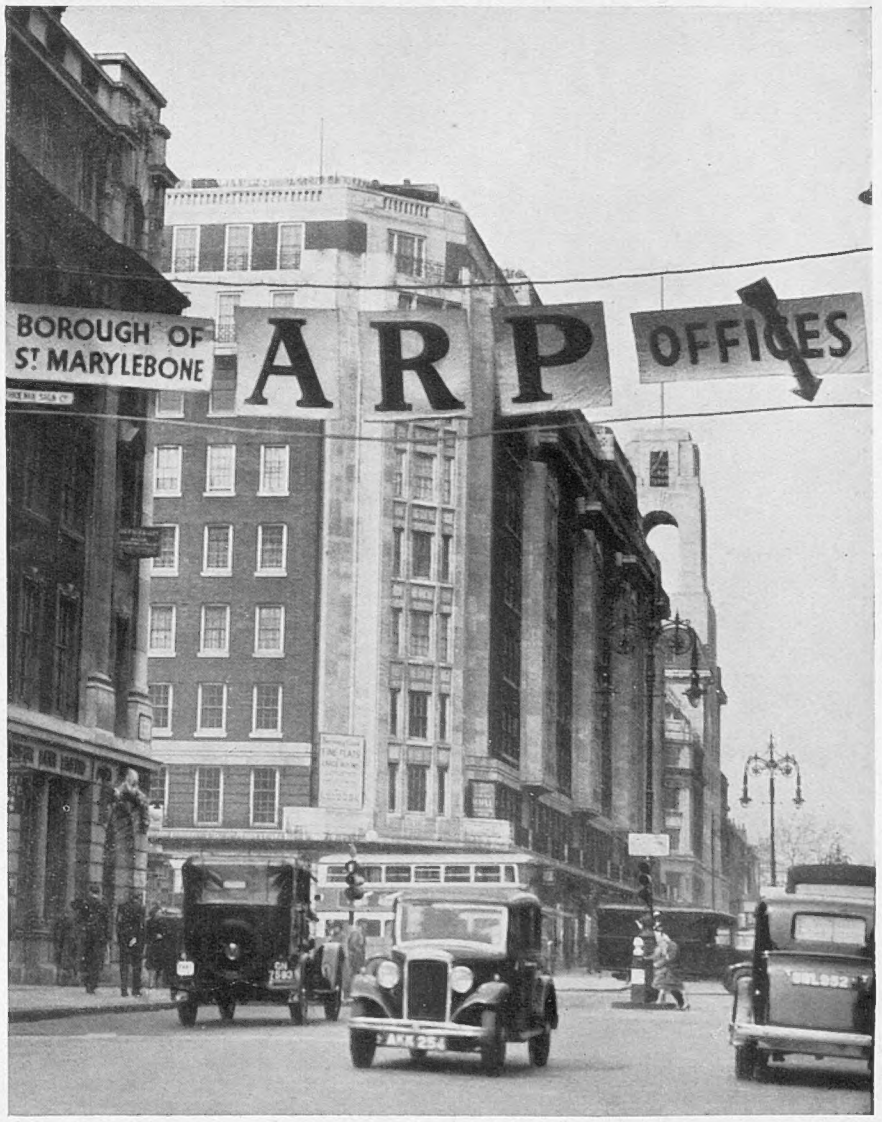
CAMERON TARTAN SKIRTS WITH KHAKI TUNICS AND CAPS constitute the new uniform of the Inverness branch of the Women's Auxiliary Territorial Service, and here we see Mrs. Fraser-Tytler, of Aldourie Castle, and Lady Maud Baillie, the Commandant, wearing these smart outfits

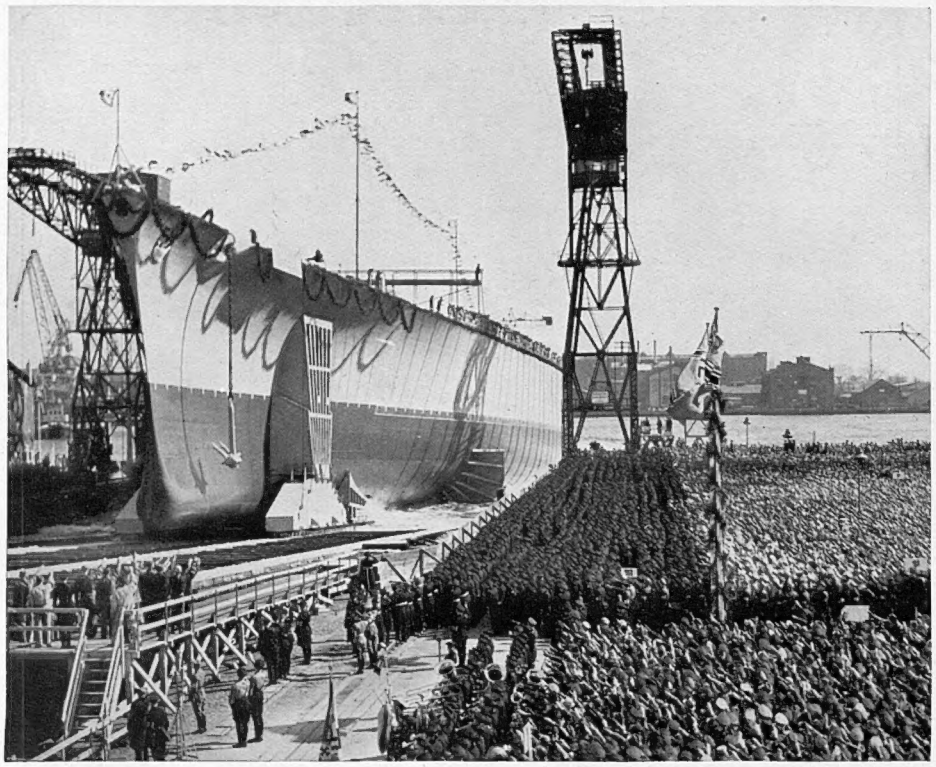


"WE'VE GOT TO BE PREPARED" runs the boldly-displayed poster outside London's Royal Exchange. It is one of a number—all of giant dimensions—that have been put up in the metropolis to aid the big drive for National Service recruits. Recruiting has been stimulated still further by the recent disturbing character of international news



THAT IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE is as much a truism in national affairs as it is in commerce is made clear by the present poster push for National Service recruits. The campaign is, by all accounts, proving most successful. Every morning Londoners on the way to work cannot but be impressed by the notice at the base of Nelson's Column (*left*), declaring that "Civil Defence is the business of the citizen," while the banner stretching across Baker Street (*above*) undoubtedly has the effect of bringing large numbers into the fold. The appropriateness of Trafalgar Square for a poster calling upon Englishmen to do their duty needs no emphasising





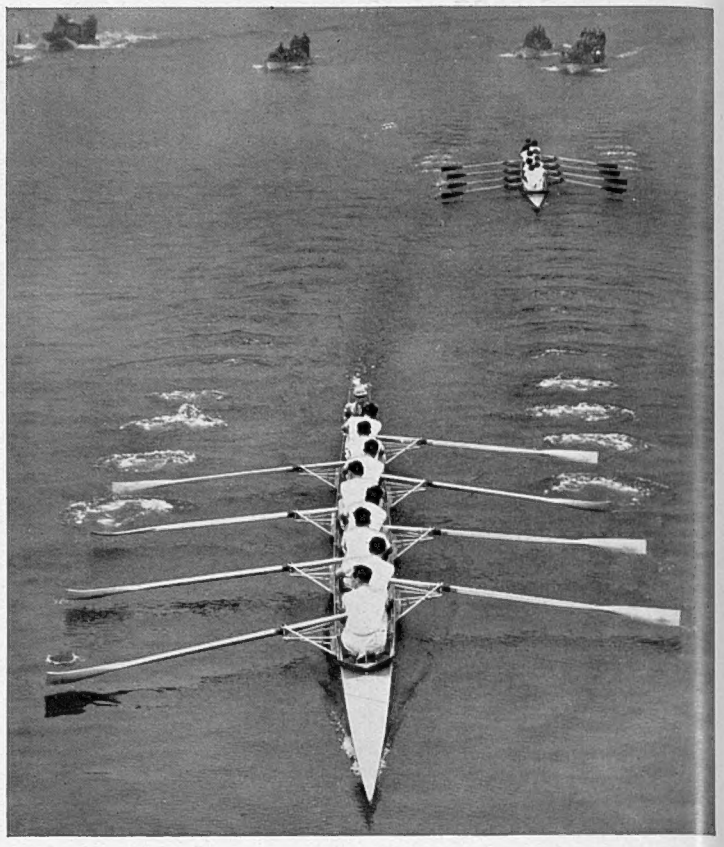
GERMANY'S SECOND BIG BATTLESHIP:
With bands playing and colours flying, the second of Germany's 35,000-ton battleships was launched at Wilhelmshaven last Saturday and named *Tirpitz*, after the last Grand Admiral of the Second Reich. The ceremony, which was performed by a daughter of von Tirpitz, took place in the presence of the political, military, and naval leaders of the nation, including Chancellor Hitler who later delivered a speech. The *Tirpitz* is a sister ship of the *Bismarck* and will have eight 15-in. guns

MADRID SURRENDERS TO FRANCO:
Nationalist supporters greeted by the crowds as they drove through the Spanish capital after its surrender on March 28. There was nothing very spectacular about the occasion—momentous though it was—and there were many citizens who could scarcely believe that the nightmare that had endured for 2½ years was really over. Elsewhere in Spain town followed town in surrendering

WOMEN OF MADRID'S 5TH COLUMN:
During the long months of Madrid's siege at least 10,000 Franco supporters existed silently among the Republicans, but when the occupation took place last week they came out into the open and everywhere they produced Nationalist flags as if by magic. On the first day no fewer than 800,000 lb. of bread were distributed free. It was noted that Republican and Nationalist soldiers mingled freely

A LONDON SURVEY

Cambridge Wins Boat Race—More Bombing



JUST A PROCESSION: With European events dominating the news the University boat race attracted less interest than it has done for many years past and, at the same time, it provided very few thrills, as Cambridge (in foreground) made a flying start and gradually increased their lead until at Mortlake they were four lengths to the good

THE HAMMERSMITH BOMB OUTRAGE: The seriously-damaged suspension chains after last week's attempt to blow up the bridge by means of time-bombs—the latest of a series of acts perpetrated by Irish terrorists

AN UNWELCOME TASK FOR THE CROYDON POLICE: Czech refugees, who could not be admitted to the country, being escorted to a plane to take them back to the Continent. They protested so vigorously, declaring that they would commit suicide, that the pilot refused to take off and it was decided it would be wiser to send them back by boat

NEW WARSHIPS OF THE DEMOCRATIC POWERS

Russia's High-speed Cruiser Built in an Italian Yard—Another Tribal Goes To Sea—French Destroyers Welcomed at Portsmouth

THE QUEER STORY OF THE "TASHKENT": Strangely enough, this 3,500-ton cruiser has been built for the Soviet Government in the Orlando Odero-Terni yard at Livorno, Italy, and she is pictured here while running her trials prior to delivery. The explanation of this unusual order between two nations of opposite political faiths lies in the fact that, before the Berlin-Rome Axis became fully established, a Russian naval mission visited Italy and its members were so struck with the Italian cruisers of the fast Condottieri class that they immediately gave a contract for the *Tashkent*, requesting that she should be built on much the same lines. When she was launched, however, she was decorated with two Italian flags, and there were rumours that she might never be delivered to the Soviet, as the two nations were beginning to be on rather strained terms. During her recent trials the *Tashkent* was reported to have averaged 40 knots over a period of 6 hrs.

A NEW ADDITION TO BRITAIN'S POWERFUL TRIBAL CLASS: H.M.S. *Tartar*, the latest big destroyer to be completed at Wallsend, sailing down the Tyne en route to Portsmouth on being handed over to the Admiralty. The Tribals are the largest destroyers ever built for the Royal Navy and have a positively formidable armament of 4·7's

AN INTERESTING CALLER IN BRITISH WATERS: The destroyer *Mogador*, flagship of the escort that accompanied President Lebrun across the Channel for his visit to England, pictured as she steamed into Portsmouth where her officers and men were subsequently the guests of the British Navy. The *Mogador* was laid down at Lorient at the end of 1934. Her 5·5-in. guns, which are of an entirely new type, are said to be capable of firing fourteen rounds a minute

On left—
TWO FRENCH VISITORS: The destroyers *L'Audacieux* and *Mogador* (right) seen in Portsmouth harbour during their recent visit. *L'Audacieux*, which, like the *Mogador*, was laid down in 1934, is the smaller of the two and it will be seen that she mounts fewer guns. Her speed is over 40 knots

NEWFOUNDLAND'S ISLE of ORE

A Prosperous Oasis in the Midst of Britain's Oldest Dominion

FROM SHORE TO SHIP: The big conveyor which transports the ore from the surface dumps to the holds of waiting steamers at Bell Island, Conception Bay, Newfoundland. Bell Island's mines, which are among the richest in the Empire, go beneath the sea. Of the 1,650,000 tons produced annually over 1,000,000 tons have been going to Germany. *Below*—The entrance to a mine

1,500 FT. BENEATH THE SEA, the miners of Bell Island take their lunch. They belong to one of the few prosperous industries in impoverished Newfoundland

Much has been heard of late, both inside and outside Parliament, of the economic plight of Newfoundland, and there is every reason to suppose that there is much truth in the startling revelations that have been made.

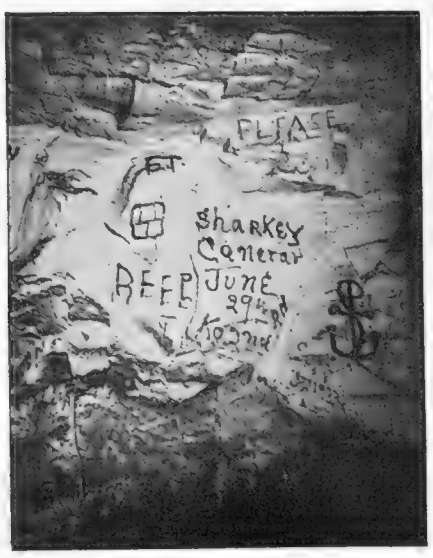
There is, however, a brighter side to the picture, for the great ore mines of Bell Island, in Conception Bay, show every sign of prosperity, providing an adequate standard of living for numerous families in the southern portion of the Dominion.

All four mines located on Bell Island have been driven beneath the sea, one of them actually going out two miles.

The mines have been worked for thirty years, but, such is their wealth, it is estimated that they could continue to yield rich tonnages for a century to come.

Oddly enough the bulk of the ore is shipped to Germany, the Reich taking over 1,000,000 tons annually.

Bell Island is very favourably situated, and the conveyor system by which the steamers are loaded makes for considerable economy.



DRILLING BLAST HOLES in one of the Bell Island mines, and (*on left*) an inscription on the wall recording Primo Carnera's defeat of Jack Sharkey in their world championship fight

THE CABBALIST of JERUSALEM

A Rabbi Whose Prophecies Have Caught Public Imagination

THEY COME WITH THEIR TROUBLES to white-bearded Rabbi Shlomo, the Cabbalist of Jerusalem, and he tells them of the future with such uncanny accuracy that his reputation has begun to spread beyond the confines of the Holy Land

THE troubled city of Jerusalem is crowded with high officials and important personalities, both military and civic, but during the last few months it is an octogenarian Rabbi who has captured the Palestine public's imagination, and whose fame is now beginning to spread far beyond the confines of the Holy Land. His full name is Rabbi Shlomo al-Yamani al-Harfi and he lives in a house in the Bukharian quarter of Jerusalem which lies away to the north-west of the Old City.

Here he practises Cabbalism, and with such success that every week he receives hundreds of letters from Europe and America asking for help. He has even been offered by an American promoter a salary of £100 a week and all expenses paid if he will go to the World's Fair in New York this summer. This the Rabbi has turned down, saying, "My pilgrimage on earth is almost done and I wish to be buried on the Mount of Olives."

By H. J. SHEPSTONE

Cabbalism is a kind of half-mythological and half-philosophical doctrine. Primarily it consists of treating the Scriptures as a series of coded messages and decoding them by working out the permutations and combinations of the letters. Rabbi Shlomo has so mastered his mystical profession that the Jewish, Austrian, and German refugees in Palestine are flocking to him in order to learn the fate of those they have left behind. He tells them if their relatives and friends are ill or well, and whether they are confined to a concentration camp or free. And it is claimed that the overwhelming majority of the findings of this aged Rabbi have been confirmed later by letters received from Austria and Germany. It is these successes that have brought comparative fame to Rabbi Shlomo in his old age, for he was a noted Jerusalem Cabbalist long before the Jews came to settle in Palestine in such large numbers. Politics and the troubled world situation, it seems, have combined to give him his big chance.

But the Jews are not his only clients. Rabbi Shlomo is often visited at night by Arabs who want help in discovering the authors of anonymous letters. On many occasions he has succeeded in identifying the authors of threatening letters, who have been duly arrested and made to pay for their crimes. It has even been rumoured that police officers in mufti also come to the Rabbi for help in investigating difficult cases. But it is declared that he always recognises their profession in spite of civilian disguise, and refuses to debase his calling by turning informer against his own people.

As is perhaps to be expected, the majority of his letters from abroad implore his help in solving love and matrimonial problems. However, he refuses to answer any of them, and nothing will make him commercialise the mystic knowledge which he maintains was given him by the Almighty. No New York Fairs for him.

The visitor to Rabbi Shlomo is shown into his presence by one of his two wives—he had four at one time—and discovers that the Cabbalist of Jerusalem is now a tall, bowed, very lean old man with a white beard. Immediately, he shifts his spectacles down almost to the end of his aquiline nose, studies the visitor keenly, and then asks for his name and those of his parents before beginning his calculations. It is a comparatively matter-of-fact kind of mysticism, but it impresses the modern client. Telepathy, mediumship, and clairvoyancy he admits as known facts, but lays no claim to them himself, and declares that unless they are used under proper control they are to be condemned as witchcraft. There is a certain simplicity about this old man that disarms the sceptic and impresses those who go to him for genuine advice.

Rabbi Shlomo came to Palestine from southern Arabia sixty-five years ago and has seldom left Jerusalem even for a brief holiday. He is quite indifferent to the publicity he is now receiving in his old age, though it means his working very hard at all times of the day. During week-ends and after office hours Jews queue up outside his house, anxiously waiting their turn to see him. It is a pathetic sight and somehow curiously out of keeping with the Holy City of Jerusalem.

The Rabbi's future will certainly be watched with interest.

The Persisting Palestine Problem: Trouble Spreads to the City of Tel Aviv

BARRICADES IN TEL AVIV: British soldiery on duty in an Arab street in this largely Jewish city which up till now has had quite a measure of freedom from the racial disturbances that have so dislocated business elsewhere in Palestine. As a result of Jewish reprisals against the Arabs, however, a curfew has been instituted in Tel Aviv and precautions have been taken to prevent rioting. Meanwhile the whole Palestine problem has continued acute and the breakdown of the conference in London, where both delegations rejected the British proposals, renders the immediate future full of difficulty

DESPITE THE RACIAL CONFLICT the Jewish element in Palestine continues to show enterprise, as witness these handsome, modern buildings which have just been erected in the Jewish quarter of Haifa. At Tel Aviv even more extensive development is going on and more than once—readers will doubtless recall—"The Sphere" has had occasion to depict the city's astonishing growth. In this present century it has risen from nothing to a city of 140,000

THE VARYING TYPES WITHIN THE GERMAN ARMY are evidenced in this group taken a few days ago in Prague

The German Military Machine

An Estimate of Its Strength and Weakness by a British Army Man who has Seen It in Action in Sudetenland

This article by Major B. T. Reynolds is a record of his experiences in the Sudetenland at the time of the Munich crisis and is of special interest at this juncture for the light it sheds on the structure of the German military machine.

AN old tradition, common to most civilised countries, decrees that the army—the sword of the state—shall be above politics. In times of revolution, when politics necessarily permeate every sphere of activity, this excellent tradition goes by the board and when that happens the position of an officer becomes a difficult one. The armies of revolutionary France were the scene of bitter conflicts between generals and political commissars in which the former frequently came off worst: one of Napoleon's "grognards" (Captain Coignet) relates in his memoirs how as late as 1800 he saw a French regiment shoot all but one of its officers before going into action: the final downfall of Napoleon was due in no small measure to the dabbling of his marshals in political intrigue. To come down to our own times, we have lately witnessed a series of purges in which Stalin has virtually wiped out the higher ranks of the Soviet army.

National Socialism is nothing if not a revolutionary creed—the Führer has constantly made this point in his writings and speeches—what is the position of the officer of the German army to-day?

As one of the "observing officers" watching over the transfer of the Sudeten territories from Czechoslovakia to Germany under the Munich Agreement, I have seen something of the German military machine at work. The Sudeten territory, the bone of contention between Germans and Czechs, had been very extensively "worked" politically. In my sector there was a predominantly German town of some 15,000 inhabitants where the Sudeten Deutsche Partei (known by its initials, the "S.D.P.") turned out the Czech gendarmerie, the officials and the minority, and seized power. The male inhabitants, adult and juvenile, promptly donned German steel-helmets and appeared on the streets armed with rifles and sub-machine-guns, their belts hung round with stick-grenades. Their actual fighting value would have been small but, situated behind the Czech fortifications, their nuisance value in the event of war would have been considerable.

The Freikorps, ostensibly recruited from Sudeten Germans who had fled over the frontier but generally held to include a proportion of Reich Germans, was in a different class. They carried out various minor operations against Czech posts and were responsible for a good deal of nocturnal shooting at isolated patrols. Some 400 of them once carried a trench in great style—after it had been evacuated by the Czech garrison. On one part of the front at least, the Freikorps accompanied the Regular troops in their advance.

On one occasion I had to accompany three Czechs (one of whom was not a 100 per cent. Aryan) who had been ordered by the government in Prague to do a job in territory then in the hands of the S.D.P. I took them straight to the office of the Mayor (a Sudeten German official), and, whilst we were discussing matters with him, three Freikorps men burst in with rifles at "the ready" and tried to seize my Czechs. I hastily adjourned the meeting to the nearest German military post. Whilst we were parleying with an elderly subaltern, the political leader of the district (a Sudeten German Deputy of the Czech Parliament, and a painter of picture post-cards by trade) burst in and again tried to seize my Czechs, announcing that he had sent for the Gestapo to remove them. The army was in control of this territory, but my subaltern was obviously no match for the political, and the unfortunate Czechs would certainly have been snatched away from under my Union Jack had I not exerted all my influence and demanded to see the colonel at once. As it was, the political was able to get in the first word and to cause us to be kept waiting for an hour under an armed guard. In the end I was given an escort to take my whole party to the frontier. There the colonel met us, shook hands and apologised for any inconvenience to which I had been put. "You and I are soldiers and we have both behaved correctly . . ." There was no need to finish the sentence.

For the latter part of the time our job consisted for the most part in calling the attention of the Germans to cases where their troops were in advance of the official line. Mistakes were easy as the Commission in Berlin, the German army and the Czech army were all using different maps with different scales. In most cases the Germans were perfectly polite, and even friendly, but they resolutely refused to withdraw without orders from above; a good many British soldiers would probably have made use of such a Heaven-sent opportunity for "wangling." The only trouble we had was on one occasion when my young British assistant had gone out accompanied by a Czech gendarmerie officer. They met a German major with three young N.C.O.s—one of them wearing the word "propaganda" embroidered on the cuff of his tunic—and behind them a tank. The N.C.O.s kept on whispering in their officer's ear, obviously to "ginger the old man up," and not without success, for he proceeded to express himself more forcibly than politely and threatened to use the tank against a Czech post. However, the incident ultimately closed amicably. This officer and a certain number of others we met, few if any of whom could have been local men, were wearing the metal badge of the S.D.P. on their uniform collars.

THE BEARDLESS YOUTH is much in evidence in the German army of to-day

It is very clear that the German officer corps is not homogeneous; in the nature of things it could not be, because conditions have altered and the flow of entry and promotion has been uneven. The top stratum of generals, colonels, and majors was brought up in the old Imperial army and the post-war Reichswehr, both of which were essentially non-political; they have adapted themselves to the requirements of the new National army, but they are still strongly marked by the old professional tradition in which they grew up.

The middle-piece includes many officers who have been recalled to the army after a number of years in civil life, without whom the expansion could not have been carried out so rapidly. Many of these must have had a bad time in the successive economic crises that have swept the country since the war—there were not many gentlemen of independent means left in Germany when Hitler came to power—and the majority are probably delighted to be once more drawing their pay every month.

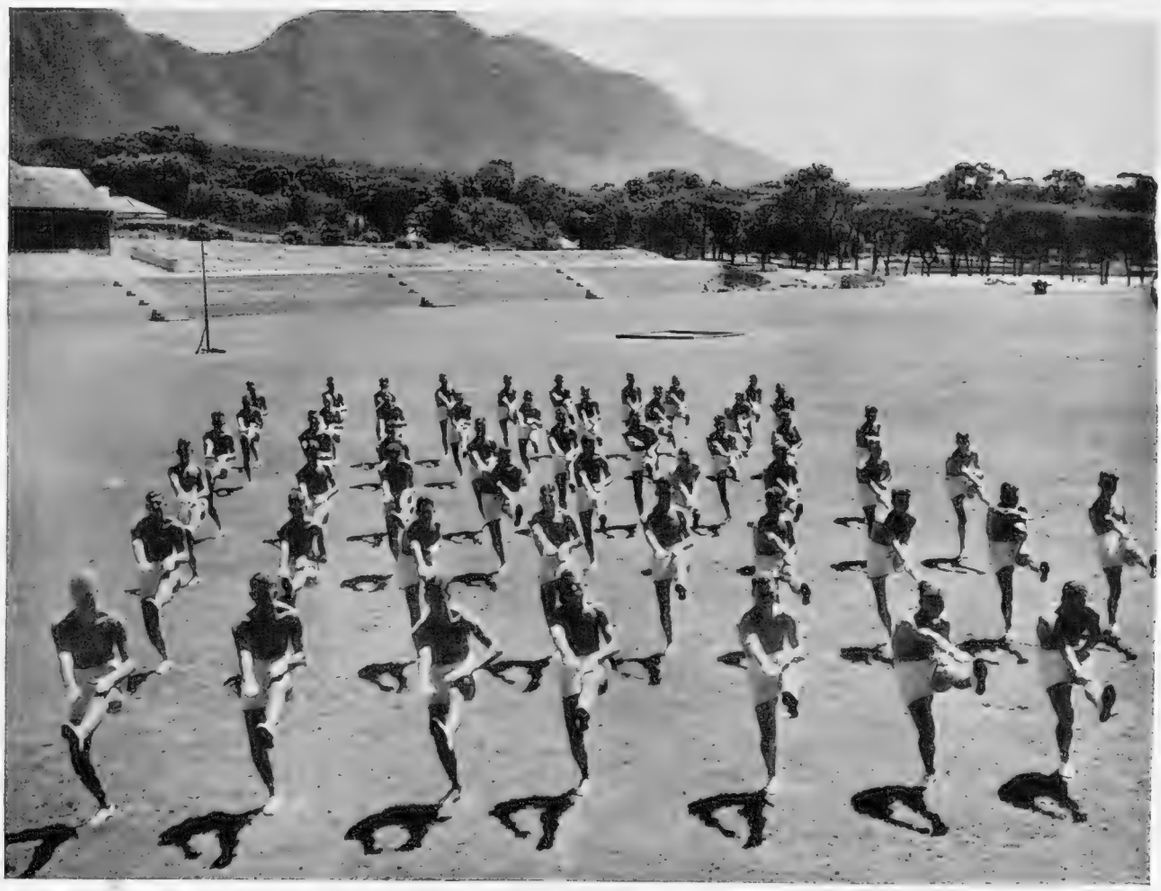
Below them again is the young entry, more mixed in social origin, but all of them brought up in the National Socialist school. I remember one of them saying to me, "What a pity Napoleon was not allowed to complete his historic mission of uniting Europe. We soldiers could settle these matters out of hand. It's the damned civilians who cause all the trouble." His ideal of the Happy Warrior was a nice blend of the political and the military. Whatever may have been the case with some of his seniors, he had no doubts. He was not only a soldier, but also a 100 per cent. devotee of the National Socialist faith—heir to the latest version of the age-old tradition of revolutionary armies.

The rank and file also present a varied picture. Among the older classes called up on mobilisation there must have been many who had voted Social Democrat or Communist before Hitler came to power. Some will certainly have had relatives or friends consigned to concentration camps. Is their conversion to National Socialism always sincere? Then again, the spectacle of three young N.C.O.s "gingering up" a major is a strange one to the military eye. Does it point to the rank and file being in some cases more politically orthodox than their officers?

I think we can safely say that this mixture of widely different types of soldiers, professional, political and revolutionary, constitutes the greatest weakness of the German army to-day—the heel of Achilles. But this state of affairs will not continue. The doubters and those hampered by divided loyalties will be eliminated, the advancement of the young and single-minded will be rapid.

South Africa Recruits Her Virile Man-Power

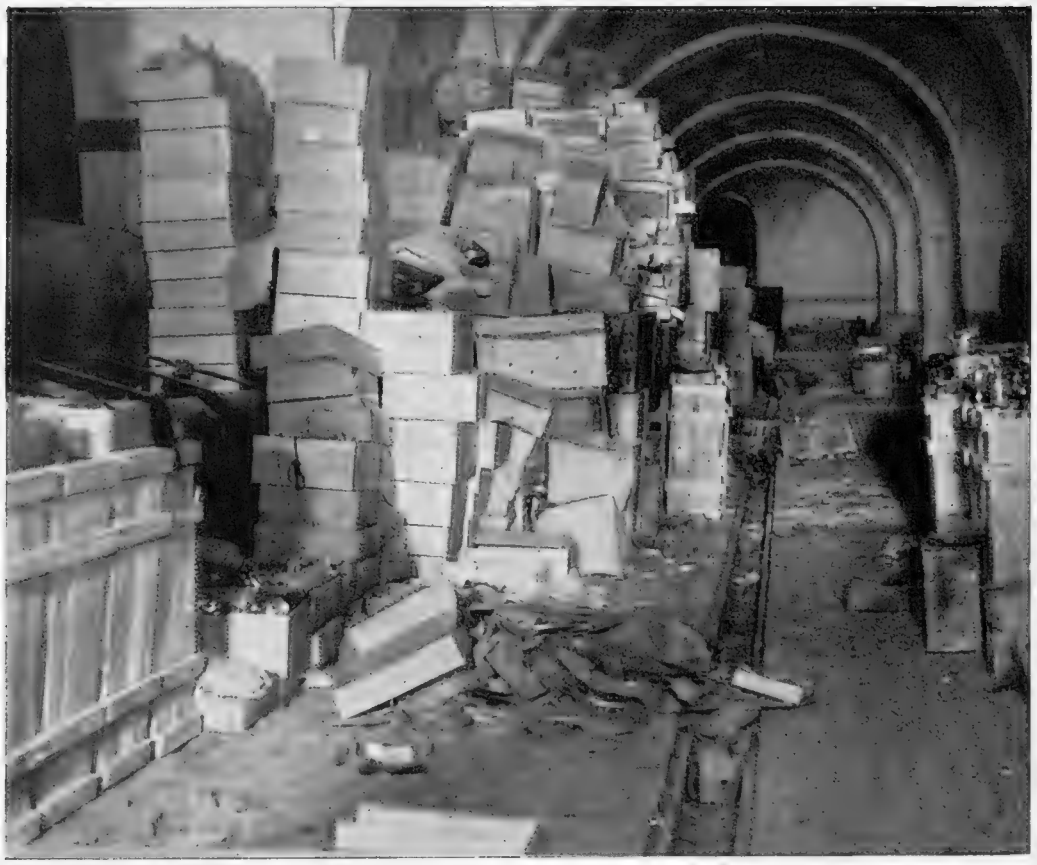
A SHIRTLESS ARMY: Members of the Special Service Battalion, which was created in 1933 for the purpose of assisting unemployed youths, are seen (*above*) as, stripped to the waist, they engage in rifle drill on their parade ground at Wynberg, near Cape Town, and (*on right*) as they give a display of physical jerks. These young men are enlisted for one year, and afterwards are at liberty to stay in the army or to pass back into civil life



South Africa, remote though she is from European affairs, is none the less fully conscious both of her position as a partner in the Imperial defensive system and of her vulnerability, particularly if the question of the mandates should loom larger. She is, therefore, making every endeavour to strengthen her defences by calling on her man-power, by preparing plans for the mobilisation of industry, by building up her coastal batteries, and by creating an air force which, according to Mr. Pirow's latest statement in the Union Parliament, now consists of five training squadrons, two bomber-fighter squadrons, and one reconnaissance squadron

TREASURE-TROVE OF

What General Franco's Men Found wh



WHEN FRANCO'S TROOPS ARRIVED IN FIGUERAS, town of northern Catalonia, during their successful drive towards the Pyrenean frontier, they found these boxes piled high in a cellar of the castle and, on examining them, discovered an immense quantity of treasure which the Republicans had had to leave behind them in their headlong retreat. A large proportion of the treasure consisted of church plate

DESTINED FOR PARIS: A fine selection of golden chalices displayed on the packing-cases in which they were found in the castle at Figueras. Boldly printed on the cases in the background is the word "Paris"

On left—
ROYAL PROPERTY: These boxes were also discovered at Figueras and on opening them Franco supporters found that they contained court robes and other belongings of ex-King Alfonso and his family

On right—
BELIEVED TO BE AN EL GRECO: A picture found at Figueras and said to be the work of the great Spanish master. There is no evidence of its origin, but experts will soon be called in to give their opinion. Two El Grecos have already been taken from Spain, and only a fortnight ago five people were arrested at Perpignan, being charged with complicity in their removal from Toledo

GLEAMING GOLD PLATE from many a wrecked Spanish church wa included in the treasure abandoned in Figueras Castle by th retreating Republican forces. They had brought it with them fro Barcelona, but so fast did General Franco's army advance in

AN ELEMENT OF MYSTERY surrounds this crown which is said t have been taken from a box found at Figueras bearing th name of a very prominent Spanish politician. How much tru there is in the report it is at present impossible to say, a it has to be remembered that the statement was an enemy o

Civil War

they Captured Figueras Castle

northern Catalonia that there was no time to carry the heavy packing-cases across the Pyrenean passes into France. At the moment no detailed examination of the treasure has been made

FROM THE PILLAGED CHURCHES OF CATALONIA: Another view of some of the fine gold plate found in the castle of Figueras after the retreat of the Republican forces. Much of it came into the hands of the Government following the anti-religious excesses that marked the start of the civil war and from then onwards they kept a close watch upon it until they were finally forced to take to flight. Some treasures, however, actually reached Paris and Geneva

IN TRAGIC DISARRAY: Another selection of church plate included in the haul at Figueras. To discover the origin of these articles may take many months, as there is only the scantiest evidence upon which to go

ANOTHER CROWN also recovered from the box which, according to General Franco's supporters, bore the name of a politician. No information is as yet forthcoming regarding the former ownership of this crown

On right—
THIS BIBLE WAS GIVEN BY ST. LOUIS to King Ferdinand of Castile in the thirteenth century, and it is included among the treasures which the Spanish Republicans actually rushed across the frontier and deposited in Geneva. It will be sent in due course to General Franco, who will return it to its place in Toledo Cathedral

On left—
PRE-CIVIL-WAR BANK-NOTES were also found in large numbers and a Franco official is here seen engaged in counting them. They still have a value, unlike the notes issued after the start of the civil war period

THE WINTER OF EUROPE'S DISCONTENT

How Intense Cold has Prevailed on the Troubled Continent

IN THE CARPATHO-UKRAINE, upon which Hungary descended as Hitler marched on Bohemia, there has been more snow than usual, thus making things additionally hard for an impoverished peasantry

IN MEMEL, scene of Germany's latest coup up to the time of writing, venturing forth on market day has been something of an ordeal this past winter. Memel's climate is Russian in intensity

IN POLAND the same conditions have prevailed of recent months. *Left*—Polish and Hungarian frontier guards fraternising on the newly established common border. *Right*—A tractor tackles a snowbound slope on a hill farm

IN THE PYRENEES avalanches have been frequent during the winter, and here we see a street inundated by snow in the little French town of Barèges where numerous people were recently trapped in their homes

WHAT CAN LITHUANIA DO?

The Tragic Post-war Story of a Courageous But Unhappy People

ONCE again the voice of Medeine, the spirit of the forest, has been heard throughout the poor, agricultural land of Lithuania. The last occasion but one was in 1915. In that year the German military occupation cost Lithuania 25 per cent. of her forests, nearly all her livestock, ruined all her industry, and swept her bare.

The second coming of the forest spirit, which Lithuanians have long believed warns them of approaching danger, was at the beginning of October, 1920, less than two years after the Lithuanian Council had proclaimed the reconstitution of Lithuania as an independent state, in the old capital of Vilna. They had been making the best of their new independence. The 1,000,000 Lithuanians in the United States had sent money to develop the country of their fathers; some had even taken the first boat home to help in the new work. But the greatest prize accompanying their independence had been the gaining of Vilna.

Their happiness was short-lived. Two days after they and the Poles had signed a treaty, under the auspices of the League of Nations, the Poles arrogantly seized Vilna and occupied a third of the Lithuanian territory. In a night, therefore, Lithuania found herself without a capital. Her government was without a home. Her business men without a headquarters. The people cast a courageous, tortured eye around the country. Where should they establish their "temporary capital"?

They chose Kaunas. The streets had no pavements. The buildings in the main street running for half a mile from the station were ugly, single-storey shanties. The only structure of even presentable architecture was a hangover from Lithuania's days of subservience to the Tsar—the Russian Church.

To-day Kaunas has several fine, modern buildings. There is a radio station and a university. But they are insignificant compared to the post office and the government buildings in the centre of the town. Yet the Ministers are unhappy: for as they travel to work in their large American saloons (the only cars in the town) they must pass the monument erected sixteen years ago to the taking of Memel (or Klaipeda, as they prefer to call it).

Poor Lithuania! A country without a capital all its lifetime. Now to be a country without a port. For few Lithuanians believe that the Nazis will allow them freedom of action in Memel harbour, despite the promise made. They can say little by way of protest, for Germany is their best customer after Britain.

It is a tragedy. In the last ten years the Lithuanian Government has spent nearly £1,000,000 of its ill-spared money to make Memel a port of international significance with the most modern equipment. Fifteen hundred ships entered the port last year. New railways and roads have been built to give Memel direct connections with the rest of the country.

Memel is one of Lithuania's five chief industrial towns—the others are Kaunas, Siauliai, Panevezys and Marijampole. Now there are only four. It means that the country's efforts to switch over part of the 76 per cent. population at present engaged in agriculture to industry has received a heavy blow.

What can they do, these 2,500,000 brave people who in the 21 years of their independence have increased the number of children at school from 40,000 to 300,000; who have sent more than 4,000 students to the university; who have so rapidly spread literacy that the population to-day supports a dozen daily newspapers, numerous weekly and monthly magazines and annually publishes a thousand books; who have ascertained that even the poorest peasant has at least a crystal radio set?

A little country like Lithuania cannot live by diplomacy when menaced by a mighty near-neighbour like Germany. What can her people do? The Poles are hated even more than the Germans (the 3 per cent. of Poles in the country have already raised angry voices against the Government); the 7 per cent. of Jews are disliked because they have held on to a lot of the money; the Russians are feared because they were Lithuania's rulers for years. This little country's only other neighbour is Latvia—nearly as small as herself and as helpless.

What, then, of the Lithuanians' future? Another German colony? They themselves can envisage no other future. And what will they do then? They do not know. But they will be happiest if they are left to sing and to dance to their folk tunes.

Derek Wordley

The PLIGHT *of the* SMALLER NATIONS—Lithuania

WHAT HARVEST WILL THEY REAP THIS YEAR? These Lithuanian peasant folk, against whom the envy of neighbouring lands has been directed more than once, know better than any other people what it means to belong to a nation ringed round with steel

LITHUANIA'S ARMY ON THE MARCH

Her soldiers wear German-type steel helmets, but her army is no bigger than Berlin's police force—see article on the opposite page

THE GIRL DANCERS

Professional Performers Whose R
and Wealth of Gesture are a'Tel

A PRACTISED PERFORMER OF SOUTHERN INDIA: A girl from Tanjore taking part in a snake-charming dance at festival time. She is a professional dancer and comes of a family that has for generations cultivated this exacting branch of art

On left—
CLAD IN A GORGEOUS SARI this professional girl dancer of Tanjore poses by the step of her travelling carriage

DONNING HER GLITTERING SARI ser
a public appearance on a ival
tional positions for the hand ll o
trained dancer in south In

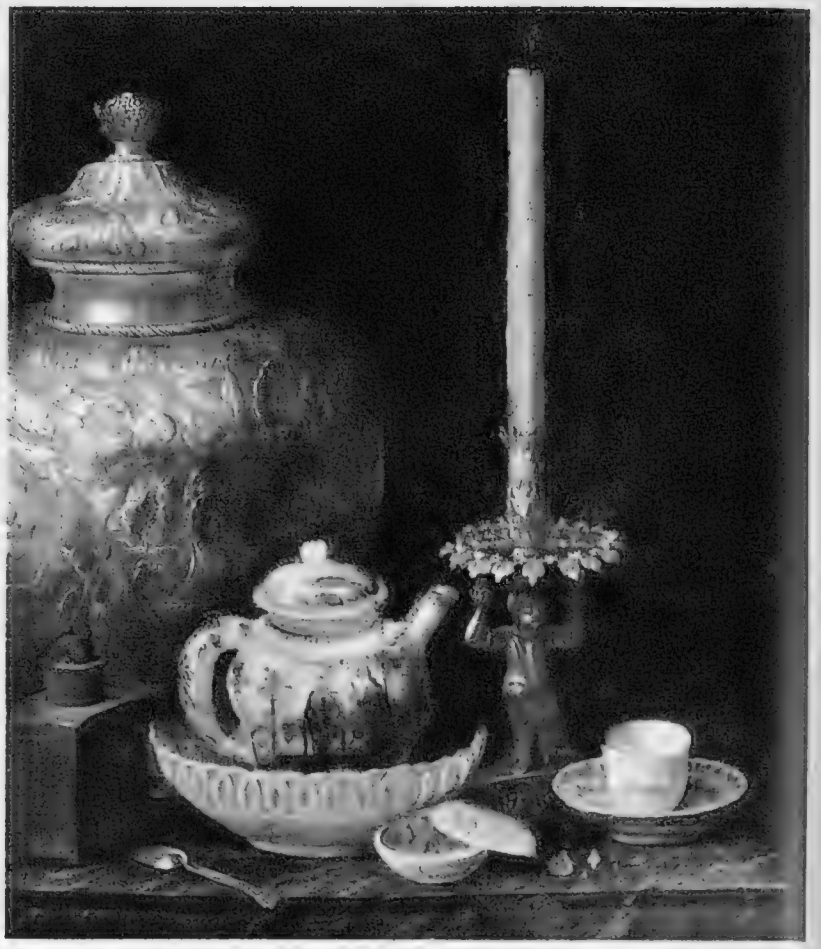
S OF TANJORE

se Rhythmic Grace
Delight to Behold

servant helps the dancer to dress before she makes
ival day. *On left*—One of the sixty-four tradi-
ll of which have to be known by every properly
This position represents "the sacred cow"

THE RICHLY-ELABORATE HEADDRESS of a Tanjore dancing girl. She must spend hours about her toilet before making a public appearance, softening and beautifying her skin with saffron, applying henna-leaf to fingers and toes, and putting the black dye, collyrium, on her eyelids

On right—
THE LOTUS FLOWER is represented by this positioning of the hands in the traditional dancing lore of southern India. There is a great love of dancing in the south, but the peasant folk never attempt the complicated evolutions of the professionals, just as the professionals never do the Marvati, a popular dance in which the performer depicts her daily tasks by means of a series of simple gestures



STILL LIFE STUDIES WITH AN UNUSUAL INTEREST: These two Dutch paintings are included in the group of six pictures bequeathed to the Victoria and Albert Museum by the late Mr. Lionel A. Crichton, who made it his hobby to collect paintings featuring examples of the goldsmith's art. The most interesting item in the picture *on the left* is a watch in a silver-mounted shagreen case. It is typical of 17th-century work. Dominating the canvas *above* is a massive caddy

The WORLD of ART

Museum Acquisitions and Current London Exhibitions

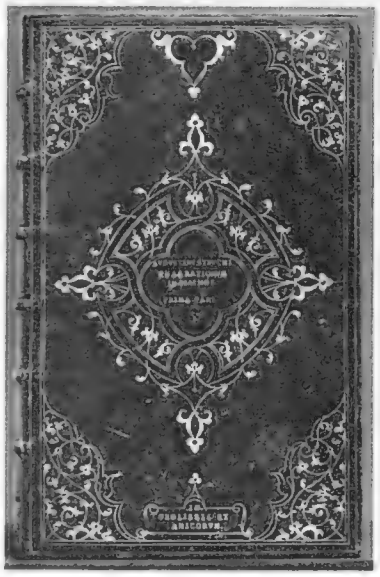
THIS month the recent acquisitions at the Victoria and Albert Museum include a particularly interesting group of six pictures bequeathed to the museum by the late Mr. Lionel A. Crichton.

Mr. Crichton's hobby was collecting old paintings which featured examples of the goldsmith's art—and he had for many years decorated his Bond Street shop with these delightful groups.

An added interest has been given to the paintings by the clever arrangement of groups—in front of each picture—of pieces which might possibly have been used as models by the painters, and which are already in the possession of the museum.

Great care has obviously been taken so that the objects displayed are those which most closely resemble their counterpart in the paintings.

Although the Crichton bequest is of great interest, there are several equally interesting acquisitions in various other departments. The library is particularly fortunate in securing a magnificent folio bound for Grolier some time before 1560. The most famous library of the Renaissance was that formed by Jean Grolier, which is said to have consisted of over 3,000 volumes, many of which testify to his excellent taste in fine bindings.



THE RICH BEAUTY OF EARLY SIXTEENTH-CENTURY BINDING: This fine folio has just come into the possession of the Victoria and Albert Museum

The majority of Grolier's books were decorated by French craftsmen and this particular example is almost certainly of Parisian workmanship; the flowing strap-work of interlacing fillets is characteristic of the group of bindings made soon after the accession of Henri II in 1547.

Quite apart from the historic value of this beautiful folio, the fine workmanship and free design of tooling would make it a covetable addition to any collection.

At the Walker Galleries a collection of over 100 gouache paintings, typical of the eighteenth century, makes a charming and interesting exhibition. Characteristic examples of work by the most eminent artists of that time include Marco Ricci, the Venetian, the Blarenberghes, and Paul Sandby, R.A., the leader of the English school.

The majority of these paintings were executed with a delicacy of treatment and brilliance of colour hardly rivalled by the fine stippling of a miniature, and it was not until the beginning of the nineteenth century that, owing to the difficulties of preserving gouache paintings, transparent water-colour eventually took its place. The unfortunate tendency of white lead to change colour when mixed with certain other pigments was a perpetual obstacle which the artist could rarely overcome. The causes and remedies for this defect were then obscure. In this particular collection, however, there are few if any paintings that have suffered noticeably, and their detailed charm should appeal to all those interested in eighteenth-century paintings.

Another extremely interesting record of fine and detailed paintings is to be found at the Tooth Galleries, now showing four centuries of flower paintings.

I. B.

On left—
BRILLIANT MICROSCOPIC DETAIL is a feature of this picture by Ambrose Brueghel in the "Exhibition of Four Centuries of Flower Painting" at the Tooth Galleries

THE DELICACY OF GOUACHE: A composition by Marco Ricci in the collection of over a hundred gouache paintings of the eighteenth century now on exhibition at the Walker Galleries

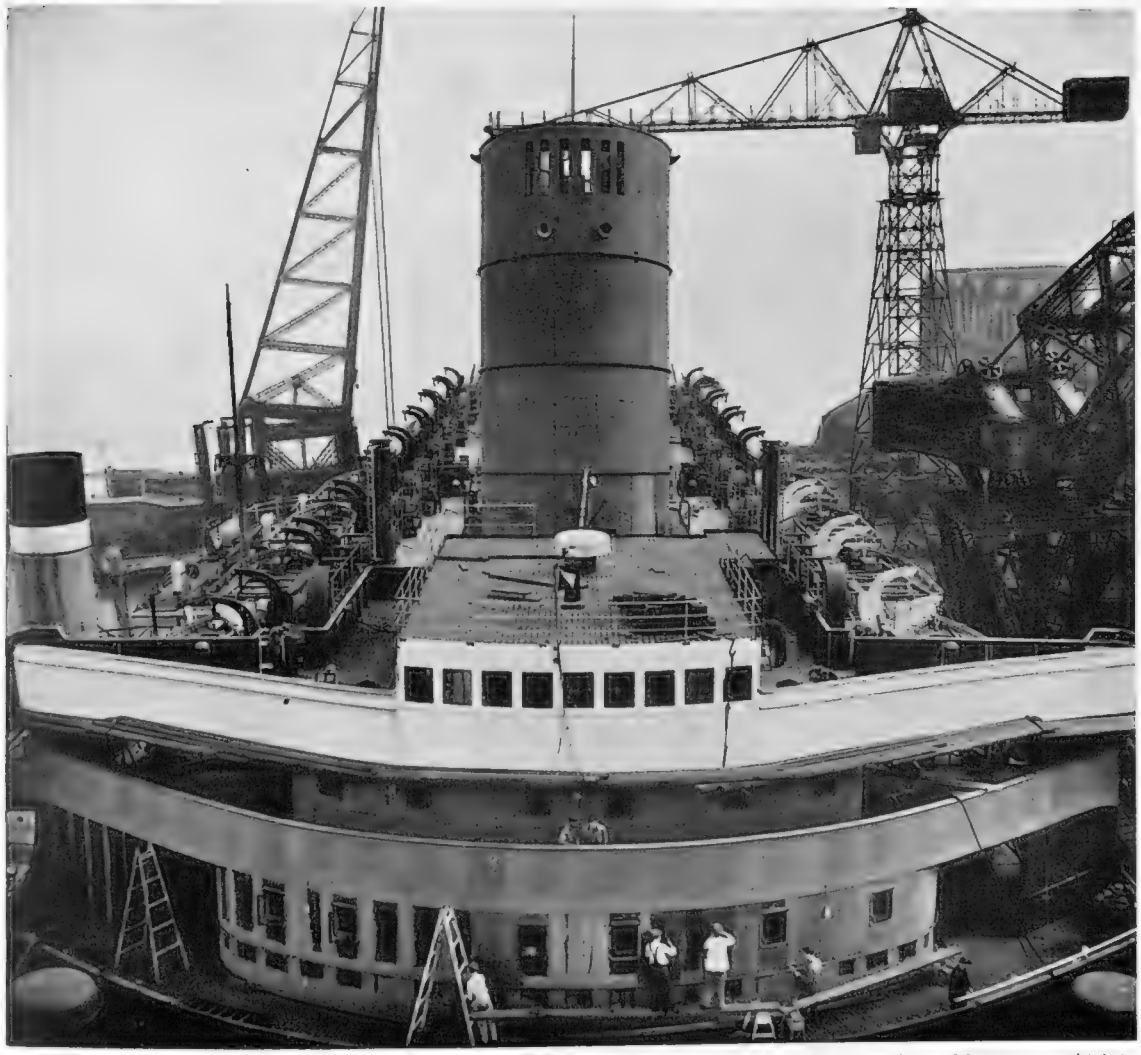
THE ART OF EDWARD HURST: A fine portrait of Harold Warrender, the actor, by an artist who is making a big name for himself in the field of portraiture. Mr. Warrender's father was Vice-Admiral Sir George Warrender. He made his debut in 1925

THE "CORONATION SCOT" RUNS ON AMERICAN TRACKS

The New Liner "Mauretania" Nears Completion on the Mersey—Two Thousand Men Prepare Her for Her Maiden Voyage

SHOWING THE VISITOR ROUND: The *Coronation Scot* (left), which has been making a tour of the United States prior to going on exhibition at the New York World's Fair, seen as she made her run from Baltimore to Washington, D.C., accompanied by the Baltimore and Ohio's crack streamline locomotive, *Capitol Limited*. This was the *Coronation Scot's* initial outing on American rails. Her performance aroused much enthusiasm

COCKTAIL TIME in the saloon of the *Coronation Scot* as she made her run between Baltimore and Washington, D.C. Americans were loud in their praise of her beautifully smooth performance



ALMOST READY FOR SEA: A view looking from the bows of the new Cunard White Star liner *Mauretania* which is now nearing completion in Cammell Laird's fitting-out basin on the Mersey and will be ready to start out on her maiden voyage in June. An unusual feature of her funnels are the slots which will help in carrying away the exhaust air and fumes from the boiler rooms in such a manner that passengers will not be inconvenienced

CRAFTSMEN ALL: Some of the men who are employed on the *Mauretania* leaving the huge hull of the liner on completing a shift. About 2,000 are actually engaged in the work of fitting out

CLAY COMES TO LIFE: The Ancient Art of the Potter in its Modern Form: A Visit to the Wedgwood Country

By NOEL THOMPSON

AFTER spending three and a half hours with some of the lightest-fingered men and women it has ever been my fortune to meet you might think the first thing I should do would be to search my pockets to find what I had lost. Instead I searched my brain to find how much I had gained and found that the answer was "a lot." For I had been watching the operatives at a huge and famous pottery and china factory at work and there is no room for a ham-handed man or woman throughout the whole process. Even the firing of the ovens is a work of art. Uneven firing may mean that weeks of work and hundreds of pounds are wasted.

A man who was a first-class violinist or pianist, with a lovely judgment on the putting green and a touch of velvet on the billiards table might have an outside chance in a pottery. When I tried to produce a vase I turned out a lop-sided, uneven, pre-historic-looking drain-pipe.

The centre of the pottery industry, as everyone knows, is Stoke-on-Trent, but you can find branches in Scotland, Yorkshire, Burton-on-Trent, Hereford (tiles), Worcester, Bristol, Poole, Devon, and Derby. But Stoke remains the world-famous centre.

Of course, Arnold Bennett made the Five Towns famous. One of the first facts I learned, however, was that he should have written about the Six Towns. Those he described were Stoke, Hanley, Burslem, Longton, and Tunstall. He left out Fenton which also played its part. Now, since 1908, the six are united in Stoke.

Passing through a somewhat grim country—Staffordshire coal is best for pottery—you arrive at Stoke station and walk across to a fine hotel. Facing you is a statue, Josiah Wedgwood, known as the father of English pottery, born at Burslem in 1730. In Stoke itself is the famous Spode Works, curiously enough founded by another Josiah, Josiah Spode.

First let us get this clear. What is the difference between china, earthenware, porcelain, and pottery?

Well, pottery covers all types of products and not only kitchen crockery and tiles, etc. Earthenware is porous until glazed, and is opaque. Porcelain is non-porous and translucent. China has bone-ash added—of which more later—to give it the whiteness and translucency for which English china is famous. Well, there you have it in brief.

The only reason I can give for the long family connections which all potteries have is that the industry is an art proudly handed down from father to son, from mother to daughter, for generations. I believe this to be an absolute record, that at Wedgwood's there are four of the family working who are the sixth generation from Josiah, founder of the present Etruria works which he opened on June 13, 1769, in what is now Stoke and was then near Hanley. And I was welcomed on my visit by "Mr. John," as the work-people know him, one of the tenth generation working there—direct descendants of Gilbert, the original potter in the family, who dates from 1649. And the work-people similarly run from generation to generation, starting as apprentices and working up to master craftsmen whose names may become famous.

After a complete tour I can now clear my dinner-plate and study any decoration with the eye of a connoisseur. (Did you know, by the way, that the average dinner service contains fifty-four pieces, or that the number is being increased because fewer and fewer soup-plates are being ordered? Soup-bowls with saucers are taking their place generally.)

Miss Ward (fifth generation) hands me over to a guide and off we go to see the raw materials.

First, hard round flints, which are calcined for three days in an oven at 600 deg. C. until they are friable. Then china clay, from Cornwall, a form of granite which has decomposed in the course of centuries into a soft chalk. (This is used a lot also in patent medicines and women's cosmetics, I learn.) Then china stone, also from Cornwall, which at great heat becomes a hard, opaque glass.

Next, the plastic ball clay, from Poole or Devon, and finally the ox-bones, which arrive calcined from South America. The mixture is this then, when the ingredients have been ground into a smooth, washy paste, 30 ozs. of flint (stability), 30 ozs. of china stone, 15 ozs. of china clay (binding), and 25 ozs. of ball clay (flexibility). The ox-bone is added for purity in the making of china.

Well powdered, the ingredients go into great revolving pans where arms swirl them round, mixed with water, for anything from 30 mins. for the china clay to 24 hrs. for the flint and stone. All are kept separate until the blending. They are measured apart in both weight and depth in the tank and then at last run from their individual "arks," or wooden tanks, into the blending ark.

"THIS CLAY, WELL MIXED WITH MARL AND SAND, FOLLOWS THE MOTION OF MY HAND": In a pottery one of the most delicate tasks falls to the "thrower," who with incredible delicacy of touch moulds it to the required shape on the revolving disc

READY FOR THE SECOND FIRING: Stacking plates in the receptacle in which they go into the oven, where they are glazed

Ceaselessly the stirring goes on, through an agitator, where heavy particles drop to the bottom. The ingredients when separated were "slip," now mixed they become "slop" and this is pumped up through 140-mesh bronze netting at enormous pressure, passes magnets to draw out any impurities still remaining, through another ark, still stirring slowly, and so to its last liquid fate. It is pumped through thick cloth, the water disappears, and layers of recognisable clay appear.

Into a vast sausage machine (the "pug mill") it goes and reappears as fat swiss rolls, easy to handle and ready for the "jollyer" and the "thrower," whom I see next.

The difference between these two is that the jollyer has the assistance of an exact machine to help shape, say tea cups, on the wheel. All the same, 50 per cent. of the work is done by the amazingly sensitive hands of these girls. The machine only helps them to produce as many as 1,500 cups a day per girl. This is the first of the light-fingered jobs I could have watched for hours. I was handed a clay cup. It squeezed to shapelessness in my gentle hand the moment I touched it.

The thrower has a wheel and shapes his work entirely by hand. He seizes a round lump of clay, throws it exactly in the centre of the revolving disc, builds it into a cone with the touch of an angel, squashes it flat—up, down, up, down. It's going to be a soup-plate I decide one minute—no, a teapot; no, a jug; no, a vase—it changes shape so rapidly as he makes sure the mixture is perfectly even. In two minutes it has become a lovely jug—a work of art—smooth, perfectly proportioned, not a variation in thickness anywhere. With a "pitcher" he has smoothed the inside. The pitcher is a piece of old china, which to the craftsman feels exactly the right weight. I pick one up. The date on it is 1834. It is worthless save to the owner, who would not part with it for worlds.

Here I want to remark on the happy atmosphere. There is no restriction on smoking. Popular songs are being sung and whistled as the work goes on. A wireless is playing dance music in the distance. There are cheery smiles and back-chat as the tour goes on through the rooms where the pottery is naturally drying to the "green hard" condition (about the consistency of a hard cheese, I am told) to the turner who on his lathe with incredible delicacy removes about one third of the original weight with a flexible steel spatula and gives a natural gloss by reversing the lathe. He stamps each piece with private marks, one to indicate the "thrower," and another to indicate himself in case there should be a fault. He works to a hundredth part of an inch.

On go the handles, each identically and perfectly shaped by hand and stuck on. The steadiness of hand and accuracy is again astounding. He measures the length of the handle, I note, with a pair of dividers against two holes he has punched in the wall. He knows the shape by heart.

Plates are being turned out at the rate of 1,000 a day by one man I watch, but he has time to turn out an oval dish for me to show shape does not matter to him. Quickness of eye and hand again.

Two girls are "towing" or finishing. This is a dusty business, but all the dust is immediately sucked away by ventilators within six inches of the wheel—prevention of silicosis.

Girls are working on moulds turning out minute fiddly little decorations to be stuck on plates or cups. Everything by hand. It would have driven me crazy, but they chat cheerfully as they handle the flimsy wisps of coloured clay.

In the old part of the factory I find one of the greatest craftsmen in the trade doing ornamental turning. Putting in fluted columns, squares, dice patterns, engraving, every detail done to exactly the same depth by hand. The wheel revolves, worked by a woman assistant by foot, to exactly the speed he requires. Delicately he polishes the vase with a hare's foot ("the softest thing, softer than camel's hair," he explains to me).

People have little idea of the care needed for even the simplest dinner-plates, still less for the elaborate sets. For instance, if you want a 10-in plate of earthenware, it is made at $11\frac{1}{4}$ ins. to allow for the contraction in the oven. If it is china the original plate will be $11\frac{3}{4}$ ins. And this contraction has to be allowed for in the base.

Next I perspire watching the ovens. Here the pottery may be fired for anything from 50 to 80 hrs., with an equal time for cooling, which makes roughly a week. Fourteen tons of coal will be needed for the process, and during the firing the men are on duty all the time in relays. They must be testing the heat every hour.

And now for some of the final stages. I watch paper transfers, taken from a brass plate, being put on cups and plates by hand. One of them is a pattern made for and used by Napoleon in St. Helena; "Napoleon Ivy" is the name, and it has just been revived. Then there are the plates with photographic reproductions on them. There is hardly a college in America that has not a special dinner service commemorating its buildings. I see them being made for the Naval and Military Academies, and for Texas University. These transfers are put on after the first firing, when the pottery is in the "biscuit" state, before the second firing fixes the gloss.

FREE-HAND DECORATION: No machine can compete in artistry with the girls who do this work. *Below*—Stacking an oven for the first firing. The pottery has to "cook" for fifty hours or more under constant supervision

Upstairs I see the final art in light-finger work, the free-hand artists, young girls who draw the patterns, one little finger resting lightly on the edge of the table as they draw the straight lines, or the elaborate patterns which must all be done by hand—the light blue strip, the narrow gold line, all the common decorations we take for granted, are done by hand, and I defy you to find any variation in thickness or colour.

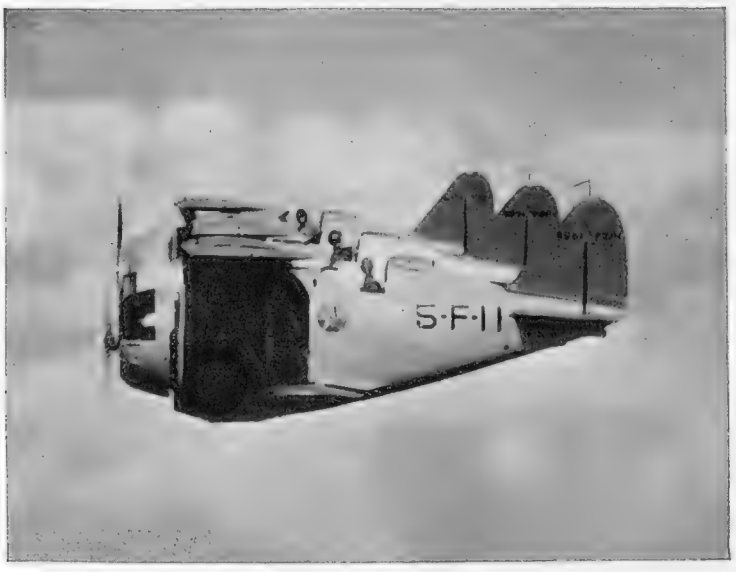
New designs every week, special sets for royalty, historic sets for all over the world, I find them all in a showroom. I should like to be the Indian prince who recently had a whole breakfast, lunch, tea, and dinner set designed for him and made in his favourite colours. It must have cost a pretty penny—and been worth it.

RUSSIAN FIGHTER PLANES THAT MADE THEIR MARK IN SPAIN

An American Air Line Disaster—Germany Takes Over the Machines and Aeroplane Factories of Defunct Czechoslovakia

A SPECTACULAR CRASH: The wreckage of the big Boeing air liner which recently came to grief in a ravine near Adler, Washington State, the ten occupants being killed. On arriving upon the scene two Federal investigators began a detailed search with a view to discovering the exact cause of the tragedy. It is believed a motor mounting was structurally weak

THEY CALLED THEM RATTERS: This machine, which was brought to France towards the close of the Spanish civil war in the hope that it would not fall into the hands of Franco, is a Russian single-seat fighter of a type largely used by the Spanish Republican forces. Its short and bullet-shaped fuselage is here seen after a forced landing



EYES OF THE FLEET: So perfect is their formation that these U.S. navy planes from the new aircraft-carrier *Yorktown* appear to be welded together as they engage in a practice flight. They have very short fuselages

The Russian Single-seat Fighter, which is depicted on this page, belongs to a type used by the Spanish Government from the outset of the civil war.

Machines of this kind have been colloquially known by the Nationalists as "ratters." They are equipped with four machine guns, two of which are set in the wings and can be depressed at an angle to spray bullets while flying low over trenches and roads.

The performance of the plane is superior to the Heinkel and Fiat biplanes used extensively by the Nationalist fighter squadrons, although they are not so manœuvrable due to the small area of their single wings. The unusually short fuselage of these machines is designed so as to reduce this lack of manœuvrability as much as possible. This gain is achieved by sacrificing stability. Undoubtedly they are tricky to fly.

The machines are fitted with retractable undercarriages. In the case of the machine depicted here the pilot has landed with the wheels up, presumably because of restricted space.

The engine of this type of machine is a 700-h.p. Wright Cyclone made under licence in Russia. It gives a maximum speed of 250 m.p.h., a ceiling of 30,000 ft. and a range of 500 miles.

Germany's Gain.—Although Germany has not added any large number of first-line aircraft to her Air Force as a result of her incorporation of Czechoslovakia in the Reich, she has good reason to be pleased with the additional aircraft factories that she has acquired.

In recent years the Czechoslovakian government made great efforts to create an aircraft industry which would be sufficient to supply the Air Force without help from abroad. The fruition of these efforts has only recently begun to be felt, so that although a large number of the thousand or so machines of one sort and another which the Germans have taken over are of foreign manufacture, all the resources are there to replace them with machines from home factories. There are seven such factories altogether, three of them producing first-class military machines.

N. T.

GERMANY TAKES OVER: Czech flying men explaining details of one of their military planes to German flying officers at a military aerodrome in Moravia. Since the annexation the Reich has obtained a thousand or more machines and also seven well-planned, modern aeroplane factories

SHAKESPEARE IN A NEW LIGHT: Ursula Jeans as Katharine and Roger Livesey in Tyrone Guthrie's lively Old Vic production of *The Taming of the Shrew*. He presents the famous comedy with rare gusto, though some may feel that the element of slap-stick is overdone. Mr. Livesey is a fine Petruchio, doing his taming for the good of the shrew though finding it vastly entertaining, while Miss Ursula Jeans manages the stages of her capitulation with much skill

TEN years or more ago I was with Sir Seymour Hicks in M. Sacha Guitry's house in Paris. It was about five o'clock on a summer morning, and we had talked since midnight about most things, even, possibly, about cabbages and kings. But one particular topic was, I remember, discussed at length—the joint appearance in London or Paris of those two brilliant actors.

"Thou," said Sacha, wagging his finger in that characteristic way of his at Seymour, "must act with me in a play I shall write to suit both of us." "Thou" expressed his delight at the prospect in politely Gallic gestures.

That play has been an unconscionable time in reaching the public and now that it has come I wish that it had not. For *You're Telling Me*, which, via the India Office, has come to the Coliseum where it is scheduled to remain for a fortnight, is disappointingly thin stuff. M. Guitry may have been ten years thinking over the scheme; but this playlet he could have written in ten minutes, and, from internal evidence, he probably did. He has written exquisite full-length comedies as well as witty trifles and he is a superb comedian. It is a vast pity that he should have provided for himself on an important occasion and for his old friend (and equally superb comedian) Sir Seymour a trifle which has not a scrap of wit in it, and not even a funny basic idea. I cannot say what it is all about except that it is indeed much ado about nothing.

Of course, it was intriguing and even exciting for a few moments to see these two masters of their art on the stage together, gesticulating, misunderstanding each other's language, shaking hands, embracing, and so forth. But the audience's laughter of excited pleasure soon sobered down into polite tittering. I fancy that had not M. Guitry been a distinguished visitor and Sir Seymour a long-loved favourite of the English stage—and, incidentally, working brilliantly to make something out of this poorest of sketches, for which he had no personal responsibility—less polite sounds might have been heard.

I have for M. Guitry's genius as both a writer and an actor the most profound admiration. All lovers of the theatre welcome him as a leading representative of a great and friendly nation to whom the theatre has always meant much. Is it too much to hope that he will forget all about *You're Telling Me* (and allow us to forget all about it, too) and write a real *comédie à deux* for himself and Sir Seymour that is worthy of both of them and not merely an uninteresting curiosity?

Opera and Ballet Plans for the Coming Season.—A seven-weeks season of opera will open on May 1 at Covent Garden under the auspices of the London Philharmonic Concert Society and following this there will be a seven-weeks season of Russian Ballet.

Regarding the opera arrangements Sir Thomas Beecham has written to subscribers of former international opera seasons, pointing out that the various syndicates that have been responsible hitherto for such seasons no longer exist. Hence the London Philharmonic Concert Society has assumed the responsibility for this season, but it will be only a stop-gap arrangement.

"The Taming of the Shrew."—The Old Vic is establishing a brilliant reputation for making classical comedy and farce really funny, which is not such an easy job as it may seem. The best revival I have ever seen of *She Stoops to Conquer* has now been followed by an uproarious *The Taming of the Shrew*, in which Mr. Tyrone Guthrie has provided a feast of fun indeed.

Some people may consider—indeed, some people have—that the fooling is too extravagant. I do not think it is. It is pretty generally admitted that the comedy here is not of the best, for the most part—not of the type, that is to say, to appeal to modern tastes. If played with the rather heavy conventionality of so many Shakespearean revivals, it can easily become almost intolerable. Mr. Guthrie has gone off on a different tack altogether. The play presented to old Christopher Sly as he lies in bed is a nightmare affair, yet an amusing nightmare. Nearly all these characters are grotesques, with a strong Italian-clown flavour, which, seeing that the scene is Italy, is appropriate.

They hop about a bit restlessly but the effect is excellent. They bash each other ceaselessly on various parts of the anatomy (mostly on the least romantic part), but that is a farcical device of which the world will never tire. I was about to say that at times they reminded me of circus clowns; but I have never yet known a circus clown to be other than dismally unfunny and, in their nightmarish way, these folk are frequently very funny indeed. The fun is occasionally of the custard-pie order; whether or no it was really custard that was used I know not, but it must have been edible, for they ate some of it.

On STAGE and SCREEN *Reviewed By* **PHILIP PAGE**

Miss Jeans's Katharine was a bold venture, for it is right out of this charming actress's usual line. I congratulate her on stepping out of that line and applaud the success she has achieved in doing so. In a flaming red wig and a flaming temper she was duly shrewish. She also showed herself a bit of an acrobat and submits with grace (and, I hope, without bruises) to being slapped, mauled, thrown about and generally man-handled (I mean, of course, at the Old Vic) by Mr Roger Livesey, her real as well as her stage husband. Mr. Livesey's Petruchio was also on the farcical side and therefore in keeping with the general treatment of the play. He also, and rightly, featured the swagger and he-mannishness of the part and was, on the whole, as good a Petruchio as I have seen. Only in his voice was he disappointing. But it was pretty obvious that he was suffering, like most people in the theatre on that icy night, from a bad cold.

BIANCA AND HER AGED SUITOR GREMIO: Pamela Brown and versatile Robert Helpmann in the Old Vic production of *The Taming of the Shrew*. The subtle timidity of Mr. Helpmann's Gremio serves to emphasise the boisterous merriment of the other players

Mr. Esmé Percy's Baptista was a clever picture of senile buffoonery, and so, too, was Mr. Robert Helpmann's Gremio. Again I must call attention to this young man's amazing versatility. The previous day I had seen him at the Royal matinée at the Coliseum as a member of the Sadler's Wells ballet, leaping and pirouetting, dressed as Harlequin, round Mr. Percy Heming, who was singing the Prologue to *Pagliacci*. I did not like this device, nor, in all probability, would the late Signor Leoncavallo have liked it. But Mr. Helpmann pirouetted remarkably well. And here he was, an aged, aged man in a Shakespeare comedy and showing himself to be a first-rate character-actor. Not only that, later on he appeared as the tailor, playing the part—there is tradition to warrant it—on amusingly effeminate lines and screaming with shrill indignation when called a "remnant." Finally, in the last scene, back again to the wrinkles and quavering voice of Gremio. Prodigious.

Last, but by no means least, in this memorable revival is the excellent Sly of Mr. Edward Chapman, which had the robustly genial flavour of a four-ale bar in Blackpool.

"Heaven and Charing Cross."—Unless Mr. Aubrey Danvers-Walker's very earthly story has a Heavenly meaning I do not see any point in its title. The interior of that small shop in North London, where the whole of the action takes place, had no flavour of Heaven about it; the only character in the whole play who appeared to have Heaven as a possible destination was the mother of a rather repellent family, and she was not only an unconscionable liar but lavished all her maternal care on one of her children, and did not appear to care a sausage about the others.

This child was an emotional youth who worshipped a girl named Bella. Now Bella was quite obviously what can only be described by a word which rhymes with witch. She led the silly youth up the garden path, as it were, allowed him to be tortured with jealousy, lied to him, and went to the pictures with another man who could afford to take her to more expensive seats at the cinema. So he murdered her and came home to sob in his mother's arms and to tell her all about it. The confession was overheard by his deformed sister, who was jealous because she imagined that she was not receiving her proper share of her mother's affection. So she became abusive and hinted at blackmail. Yes, the play was as sordid as that.

Detectives arrived, were not put off the scent by the mother's lies, and were not at all polite. But they did take their hats off in the house. That was only because they were English detectives. It is quite a simple matter to discover whether a murder-thriller-play is of British or American origin. If it is a British play a detective takes his hat off. If it is an American play he keeps it on.

In this case the detectives were baulked of their prey, for the boy-murderer was run over and killed by a bus. Whether this was an accident or whether, being, incidentally, one of the unemployed, he followed the prevailing fashion and just lay down in the street was not quite clear to me. Mr. Frederick Peisley played the nasty young man very well indeed; Miss Ena Moon was equally good—and nasty—as his victim. A particularly realistic performance came from Mr. Cyril Smith, as that dreadful type of pest, the youth who imagines he is a born comedian. Most cleverly did Mr. Smith make one realise the true sting of W. S. Gilbert's line "all funny fellows, comic men, and clowns in private life." Miss Mary Clare played the long-suffering mother most sympathetically; it is hardly likely that she found the part difficult.

I liked the humanity of Mr. George Carney's bored and philosophical father; his departure to a public-house when his unhappy family grew more quarrelsome and objectionable than ever was most understandable.

Do the public really like these unutterably sordid plays about mean people in mean streets? I rather doubt it. Of course, it remains to be seen whether they will like this one, which has certain qualities. But unless such plays are superlatively good I fancy the majority of playgoers prefer fare of a different flavour. After all, a considerable number of those playgoers come from drab homes themselves and do not care to spend money on being reminded of them.

AN UPROARIOUS "TAMING OF THE SHREW" at the OLD VIC

"You're Telling Me" Proves a Disappointing Experiment at the Coliseum

MANHATTAN STEPS OUT: Jessie Ralph, Madeleine Carroll, and Don Alvarado have leading parts in Paramount's new picture, *Café Society*, which was presented last week at the Marble Arch Pavilion. The film sets out to be an *exposé* of society's spoiled darlings at play—"the witty carefree crowd of thrill-seekers who rush madly from place to place in search of new sensations and new excitements." Miss Carroll's acting has been much praised in America

EVERYTHING ENDS HAPPILY EVER AFTER in the Warner film *Hard to Get* in which Olivia de Havilland and Dick Powell (right) team together in a highly conventional story of American business life. It makes good entertainment of the lighter kind

"The Sign of the Cross" (Film).—I did not see the film, *The Sign of the Cross*, when it was first shown in London about five years ago, though the play on which it is more or less founded—less rather than more—with the late Wilson Barrett in the leading part, is among my very youthful memories.

The film, which is now at the Carlton Cinema, I found an astonishing affair, astonishing not because one hears the earliest Christians talking the latest American (they didn't talk English either, for that matter) but because Mr. Cecil de Mille seems to have such quaint ideas of the manners and customs of the period and to imagine that so long as a tremendous amount of money is spent, all must be well. None the less, people never did talk to each other like that in any language or in any century. However, let loose Mr. de Mille with lots of raging lions (not literally, of course) and all is well—except for the unfortunate Christians. There is also an exciting net-and-trident episode.

With the exception of Mr. Fredric March as the Prefect of Rome—quite a sixth-form prefect in his dignity—the acting is not conspicuously good. Miss Elissa Landi plays the Christian girl Mercia with an archness which no form of catastrophe is able to diminish. Were those early Christian females so incurably lady-like?

Perhaps the most interesting lesson to be drawn from this film—if any lesson, that is to say, can be drawn from any film—is that in this medium five years is a deuce of a long time. In that short space this production has dated unbelievably. Everything about it seems amazingly old-fashioned. Except, of course, the lions, who would, and sometimes do, eat Christians nowadays with just the same gusto they displayed in the reign of Nero.

A New York Success in London.—Norman Marshall will produce at the Gate on Wednesday, April 12, John Steinbeck's play *Of Mice and Men*, with a cast headed by Claire Luce, John Mills and Neall MacGinnis. This piece, which won the American Critics Circle prize for the most distinguished play of the year, ran for two seasons in New York, with Miss Luce in the cast.

Miss Luce is rehearsing daily and also finds time to attend most "first nights." She was at the Old Vic for the first performance of the revival of *The Taming of the Shrew* and will probably play Katharine in the fairly near future in New York. She has all the fire and temperament for the part.

Good News

DEFINITELY this is a spring and summer when Englishwomen should look their best. Flower-trimmed hats, lingerie accents on dark dresses, cool clear prints, simple suits with swinging skirts, sentimental evening frocks, and delicate pastel colours ALL HELP

Loose Coat — Clear Print

FOR the young and slender, for the mature and charming, for the true elegante, in fact for every woman in the world the loose coat worn over a well-cut skirt has an ever-fresh appeal. It appears this season in several variations, one of the best of which is shown in our picture.

Mainbocher makes the dress of very fine navy wool with a boldly printed blue and white crepe top and a deep waistband. On the blouse he intricately tucks the plain section between each patterned band, but the lining of the jacket shows the unbroken design. Debenham and Freebody have it, as well as the hat of navy blue straw and white grosgrain trimmed with wings.

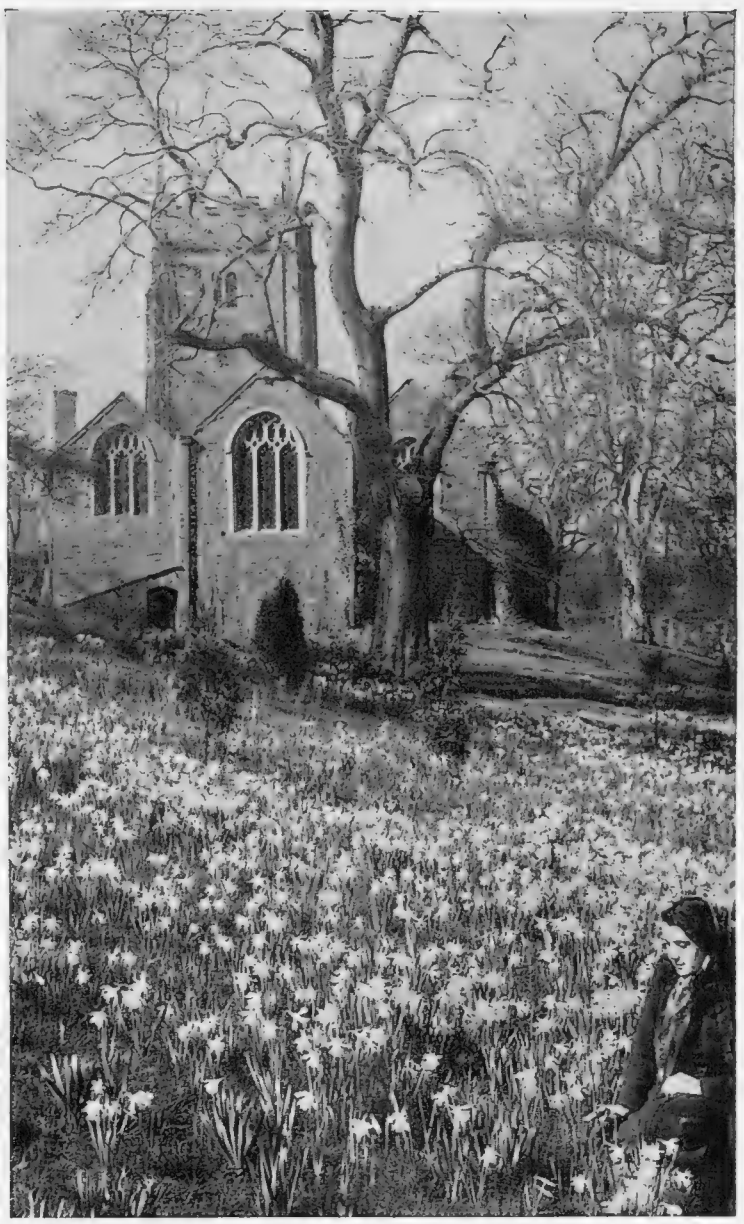
Riotous prints in vivid colours and massed designs will lead the way this summer. Their brilliance does not make them unkind, for the shades are subtly blended into a rich and harmonious whole. And if you imagine that money is the supreme secret of good dressing, the frock on the right should materially help to change your views.

In a bold and most distinguished crepe de chine, it has a simple bodice which buttons to the waist and has cartridge pleats set into the shoulder yoke, while unpressed pleats give a swing to the front of the skirt. Swan and Edgar have it in several combinations of colours, and the price is only 55s. Another 12s. 6d. buys the hat as well. It is of fine straw with a shallow tucked crown and a ribbon trimming.

A Charming Revival

Chip straw, the sort that was used for men's boaters, has come back, its rustic charm enhanced by piquant veiling and by masses of flowers. Rose Valois piles white narcissi and violets on the front of this sailor and crosses a black and white diced veil at the back with the ends billowing about the shoulders. Sailors, mushrooms, and minute flower-laden toques are spring favourites, with large flat straws and enormous Merry Widow creations for the summer. So far as veils are concerned, it is a season when apparently you cannot have too much of a good thing.

BEFORE THE BURSTING OF THE BUDS, the church at Greenstead, Essex, stands revealed to the passer-by, but when summer comes it will take on a new beauty as foliage rings it round. The church is said to have been built in 1013 to commemorate St. Edmund



A GOLDEN CARPET of daffodils outside Cockington Church, near Torquay, where, as ever, spring has put in a welcome and early appearance. The church is a very good example of the Perpendicular period

NORTH AND SOUTH: The ploughman gets busy on his Essex farm while, in far away Scotland, hardy young lambs *(left)* make their first bow in the green low-lying pastures of Kincardineshire

EASTERTIDE IN BRITAIN

As Winter Slowly Turns to Spring

FOCAL POINT OF BARDOLATRY: After accident committed to the flames in 1926 what criticism had not succeeded in committing to the housebreakers, this new Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, built to the design of Miss Elizabeth Scott, grand-niece of Sir Gilbert Scott, rose by the banks of the Avon, immediately taking its place as one of the major assets of the Shakespeare Industry. This industry forms the subject of an outstanding new book, *Amazing Monument*, in which Ivor Brown and George Fearon trace the strange story of Shakespeare worship down the years

ESSENCE OF BARDOLATRY:

A Shakespearean Scholar and a Dramatic Critic Combine to Tell the Strange Story of Shakespeare Worship Through the Ages

SOMEBODY in London (I have never discovered who) has made a habit of sticking blue plaques on all sorts of buildings commemorating the residence there, in bygone year, of some poet, dramatist, novelist, musician, or actor.

Albany in Piccadilly, that converted ducal mansion which, in the guise of "gentlemen's chambers," became London's first block of flats, is stiff with such evidence that Byron, Macaulay, Bulwer Lytton, and Mr. Gladstone all enjoyed temporary residence there. There is no plaque to Raffles.

Coming out of Albany one day with an American, whose name is fairly conclusive proof that his ancestors hailed from Poland, I was forced to stop dead before one of these monuments while he raised his hat and intoned homage to the late George Gordon, Lord Byron. An inoffensive gesture, but one, I concluded, likely to complicate life if too much indulged in in a place like London.

It is a queer trait in the Anglo-Saxon character that poets should be properly reviled, and neglected if possible, during their lifetime but revered with every excess when they are dead. The happiest hunting ground of sightseers in Westminster Abbey is the poets' corner.

Come the four corners of the world in whatever-it-is there isn't an Englishman who would dare declare that any but Shakespeare is his greatest poet. Everybody knows what he looked like, undeterred by the minor fact that it is extremely unlikely that anybody does. The whole world knows that he was born in Stratford whence, on April 23 ("It was deep April, and the morn Shakespeare was born"), delegates from the four corners of the earth come to feast and do reverence at his birthplace. Dressed in all its prime, Bardolatry enjoys its annual fling.

The trouble about Mr. W. S. is his elusiveness. He is practically implaquable. He certainly never lived in the house now revered as his birthplace, and those houses, playhouses and taverns wherein he lived and worked on Bankside have long since been demolished. The Baconians have done their best to cash in on this regrettable trait, but that has not prevented a determined trade in whatever memories of Shakespeare could be scraped together.

It has in fact become a regular industry, the progress and history of which has been carefully and amusingly set down by Messrs. Ivor Brown and George Fearon in AMAZING MONUMENT (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.). It is significant that such a book should bear the name of so great a Shakespearean scholar and fine a critic as Mr. Ivor Brown. Be assured that there is no lack of reverence for the undoubted muse. Be assured also that the spurious, the counterfeit, the cashers-in and the whole motley rabble who have thrived through the centuries on the great name of Shakespeare are riddled with urbane, scholarly and deadly satire.

They all come in for it, from the predatory widow Hornby, who infested the alleged birthplace and advanced the preposterous theory that she was a true descendant, to Garrick, only true begetter of the festival racket. From the infuriated Rev. Francis Gastrell, who tore down the place and cut down the mulberry tree, to the enterprising Mr. Thomas Sharp, who collared the fallen tree and fashioned it into mementoes of every kind, "small boxes, goblets, toothpick cases, tobacco-stoppers, and numerous other articles." So numerous, in fact, that it would have required a forest of mulberry trees to make them.

GAINSBOROUGH'S GARRICK: The portrait at Stratford-on-Avon of the great actor who did so much to encourage the Stratford-going habit by his "jubilee season" in 1769. It was Garrick who wrote the song "Warwickshire Lads," beginning:

"*Ye Warwickshire Lads and Ye Lasses,*
See what at our jubilee passes;
Come revel away, rejoice and be glad,
For the lad of all lads was a Warwickshire lad."

From the Polish Princess who purchased Shakespeare's chair (it had scarcely got to Poland before another mysteriously took its place!) to Miss Lilian Baylis, C.H., LL.D. (Birmingham), Hon. M.A. (Oxon), who did so much to revive the industry south of the Thames.

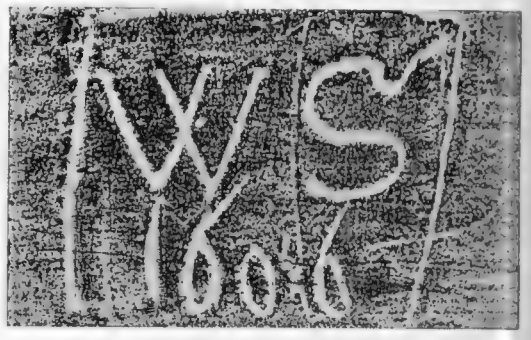
Nor is the industry confined to those lands where the English tongue never flags. "Nearly thirty years ago Verona made its gesture of gratitude for the fame conferred upon it by erecting a statue of Shakespeare, standing by the reputed tomb of Juliet . . . Verona is now instituting a Shakespeare museum; its first exhibit might well be a brace of Stuffed Gentlemen to match the stuffed alligator favoured by Romeo's chemist." Nor are the Danes to be outdone. There is Hamlet's Grave at Elsinore. It is a stone coffer with strange carvings, chiefly suggesting "a collision between a Derby winner and the Loch Ness monster. What is really buried there or contained therein is a mystery; some rudely say a cat."

If one could go on, there would be the story of the Memorial Theatre and the progress towards a National Theatre. The book is too quotable. Do not miss *Amazing Monument*, for it is unique, both in subject and in treatment. It is exquisitely pointed with wit and carries its erudition with such gay insouciance that it is only on reflection that we realise that we have been reading something of permanent value.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS
By Vernon Fane

It is always something of a shock to the layman to find himself among lawyers and to realise that in their hours of ease they talk shop and seldom anything but shop, and at that with the easy garrulity of the character actor on tour. Not that the shop in itself is shocking, or less interesting than the small talk of stockbrokers. What jolts the layman is how, after the port has been round a time or two, shivering human beings who have lately stood trembling in a dock are referred to in terms of academic interest and their fortunes or more likely misfortunes are linked with So-and-so's forensic triumph, or how old Thingumajig bamboozled the jury.

THE OLD MUNSTER CIRCUIT (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.) is by that savant, epicure and man of letters, Mr. Maurice Healy, K.C. Naturally it is packed with wit and wisdom and with that peculiarly Irish attitude to life which draws from an Englishman a sentimental tear, even though he knows he is being made a fool of. Not for the layman to question the practice of the law in so Hibernian a fashion, since the Irish have the fixed habit of being a law unto themselves. One can only reflect that it was a long time ago and be thankful for that grace of God which precluded one's appearance at one of those assizes to be fought over by Moriarty or James Campbell before the dreaded Baron Palles.



"ON THE STONEWORK OF ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR, the initials W.S. and the date 1606, have been graven. Immediately the Industry pounces. The letter 'S' has the peculiar curl at the top which is noted in the accepted Shakespearean signatures. Therefore the poet went there with the children of the Chapel Royal—therefore he spent his time, somewhat vulgarly, scratching his name on the sacred stones. Believe it or not." This is just one sample, according to the authors of *Amazing Monument*, of the way in which certain Shakespeare fans (Bardolaters) jump to conclusions in their eagerness to find data regarding the poet's life

Yet it is an education to learn something of the characteristics of a Clare man, or the value of a Limerick alibi. It is also pleasant to be in the company of so skilled a *raconteur* as Mr. Healy when in the mood of mellow reminiscence. The book would be better for an index, but it could scarcely be better of its type.

Two adaptable American girls, two amorous Siamese cats, pieces of luggage, and a journey from one side of the world to the other. Result? An amusing travel book which stout common sense keeps this side hilarity.

WE MARRIED AN ENGLISHMAN (Robert Hale. 12s. 6d.) need not alarm the most law-abiding reader; its subject is not bigamy, but twins. The Misses Ruth and Helen Hoffman, who wrote the book jointly, travelled from New York to Iraq in order that one of them should get married to the Englishman who was waiting for her "in the most unlikely place on the map."

That place, we are told, is halfway between Baghdad and Basrah, with the Persian mountains behind it and the River Tigris running through its front garden. In this remote spot the twins settled down, married their Englishman, raised their cats and kept house with a maximum of enterprise and very few—Mrs. Beeton would say surprisingly few—catastrophes.

They were there for two years and then returned to New York for a breather and to write their book which they have illustrated with their own little sketches. For the twins are artists and it may be that which gives the book its gaiety (as well as its volubility), and perhaps that which made their life "out in the blue" an imaginative adventure, rather than an incessant and discouraging struggle with defaulting servants.

The twins met King Ghazi. They rather liked him and appreciated the possibilities of his new car, a phosphorescent Mercedes. They made friends

(*Continued on page 78*)

WAS IT A BOYHOOD WISH FULFILLED? Mr. Leslie Burgin, the Minister of Transport, at the controls of the *Royal Scot* before he left Euston on a trip north on the footplate of the crack London Midland and Scottish express. He made the journey with the object of increasing his first-hand experience of actual working conditions on the railroads

IN A COMÉDIE À DEUX: M. Sacha Guitry, distinguished French actor, and Sir Seymour Hicks, evergreen star of the English stage, appeared together for the first time when they presented at the London Coliseum last week M. Guitry's sketch, *You're Telling Me*

SENDING-IN DAY FOR SCULPTURE is especially arduous at Burlington House, heavy figures having to be manœuvred into the building for the inspection of the Selection Committee. This massive figure, entitled "Prince of Peace," is the work of a woman sculptor

HOME NEWS

On right—

WEDDING BELLS IN CHELSEA: Captain Walter Duke, of the Gordon Highlanders, leaving the Old Church with his bride, Miss Yvonne Hansen, a Londoner

AN APRIL 1 MARRIAGE: Lieut.-Commander Alexander, R.N., eldest son of the late Lieut.-Colonel C. H. Alexander, leaving St. George's, Hanover Square, with his bride, Miss Marion Robinson

THE L.C.C. AIDS . . . THE A.F.S.

To aid the Auxiliary Fire Service, the London County Council has opened a recruiting office at County Hall and, to act as bait, has drawn up on the terrace a number of modern fire-fighting engines. The A.F.S. only recently gave proof of its efficiency by dealing with the Waterloo Bridge outbreak

FOLLY ON THE ROAD

Is Not Confined to Youth

Declares

A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

I AM beginning to wonder if advancing years are increasing my nervousness whilst driving on the road, but if this is not the case then from my observations I am of the opinion that there is far more unpleasant driving to be seen on our highways to-day than five years ago. I seldom cover my usual sixty miles a day to and from my office without coming to close quarters with some individual behind a wheel who ought to be in a mental institute. Such people just hog their way along and count on other people slowing down or by some other means getting out of their way.

Only the other night whilst I was going along the Great North Road and was overtaking a particularly slow vehicle one of these lunatics made a third line in order to overtake me, and the first two cars of the string of traffic coming in the opposite direction had almost to come to a standstill to avoid a head-on collision. I kept up with him after he had passed for a little while just to watch his methods. So far as I could see, with him it was a case of holding his right foot hard down on the accelerator pedal and just fighting his way against all comers.

When I see driving like this I must confess that inwardly I hope that the driver in question will hit something. I do not wish the accident to result in any serious bodily injury to anyone, but a chassis put out of action might have a sobering effect.

I think most decent motorists are of the opinion that all this dangerous driving is the monopoly of youth seated behind the steering-wheel of a fast sports car. Well, in my experience such is not the case. From what I can see, most of these erring drivers are middle-aged people and I should think that they probably have no idea of the risks that they are running. Their driving experience is perhaps derived from three or four years' motoring. I cannot see how they can be dealt with unless the mobile police can be spurred into action.

Actually, on the night in question when the particular instance occurred the dangerous driver passed a police car and so did I when I was only a few hundred yards behind. Imagine my surprise when the men in blue sat on my tail to see if I exceeded 30 m.p.h. through that very short restricted area in the village of Gravely. I can only assume that they thought it a much easier job to catch me doing 35 m.p.h. when I should be doing 5 m.p.h. less, but they were unlucky as I happened to notice them. This is just a concrete instance which makes me feel strongly that the money spent in buying the police fast motor-cars is completely wasted.

Having devoted quite a lot of space to deal with an instance of dangerous driving someone perhaps may wonder what I consider to be good driving. To find a precise definition is quite a difficult job but at the same time I think that if a motorist drives his car along the road and he does so in such a manner that his car does not cause any other road user any inconvenience then he is not a bad driver.

To me the greatest failing of the average driver is his inability to exercise his powers of anticipation. Driving a car on the road to-day is rather like organising a race meeting. In other words, as the car moves forward the driver should in his own mind have a moving picture of what is going to happen on the highway ahead. A good organiser makes his preparations in accordance with what he anticipates may happen. No eventuality should be missed, in which case everything will run smoothly, because if the improbable does happen the machinery will be there to cope with it.

The inexperienced driver drives on usually in an aimless manner and only gets out of difficulties which he ought to have anticipated through the assistance of other road users. In short, my advice to the driver is to be independent and never count on other people giving way. The other day I was talking to a friend of mine who told me he had never had an accident of any description during thirty years' driving, and so I asked him how he managed to be in possession of such a desirable record. His answer was short but highly illuminating. He said "I treat every road user I see, whether walking, cycling, motor-cycling, driving a horse or a car, as a complete lunatic and I drive accordingly."

Ever since the authorities introduced licences for cars the document issued has been square in shape but the holder on the car has always been circular. For years we have all been compelled to make the square licence circular by cutting it with a pair of scissors. Some of us have not always been successful in performing this small operation but all of us have definitely found it to be a confounded nuisance.

The other day I had to take out a new licence for a car and much to my amazement I discovered that I was not called upon to produce a pair of scissors, for the nice kind Council had given me a licence which was perforated round the business circular space. Truly our authorities move slowly. Perhaps in another five years they will give us the licence so that it can be placed directly into the circular holder without any manipulation from us to make it fit.

I should imagine that very distinct pressure is being brought to bear on the Ministry of Transport to restrict certain stretches of our by-passes so that pedestrians can cross them with greater safety than can be done at the moment. All of us are heartily in favour of helping everybody to use our roads without running any undue risk of being involved in an accident, but I hope that the Ministry will not give way any more to these agitations, otherwise the money spent on building these by-passes will have been completely wasted. If it is considered desirable to help people to cross such roads in complete safety then subways should be built. If for some reason or other this is not practicable, then bridges should be constructed as has been done already in many places.

Regulations, however, should be framed to compel pedestrians to use these bridges first of all, because, although inconvenient, their use makes the crossing of the highway much safer than the imposition of a 30 m.p.h. limit and, secondly, the agitators, who are mostly people who occupy the houses bordering the by-passes, must have taken up their residence knowing full well that they were going to live on a busy thoroughfare. It is not reasonable for them to agitate for restricted speeds at this juncture.

ON THE THRESHOLD OF WALES: A Phantom III Rolls Royce with a Hooper Sedanca body at one of the most picturesque spots on the Wye—Symonds Yat, near the Forest of Dean

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SYMBOL OF RED INDIAN RITUAL: A lofty totem pole in the Rocky Mountain region

SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

CANADA'S CALL

What to See In the Great Dominion

LET us pick up a map of Canada and run the eye from Belle Isle to Vancouver Island. What a panorama passes before us—the ramparts of Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa the beautiful capital, Toronto on the lakeside, majestic Niagara, the great lakes inviting a cruise of 1,600 miles on tideless seas, Winnipeg, one of the doors to the Golden West, Regina, the Rockies, and at the end the Pacific Coast—3,000 miles of it. And this article can occupy only one page.

On that panoramic journey the eye will always be conscious of the proximity of the southern frontier, and in a world of tumult we remember with a greater gratitude that no Maginot line is needed there. To the north there are the wide open spaces in which the "he-men" rejoice, and the great Hudson Bay; a stupendous country of immense travel possibilities.

From this contemplation let us come down to a consideration of how much can be accomplished in the period most of us can devote to a Canadian tour in this year when the Atlantic crossing is more in our minds than usual with the visit of the King and Queen. There are also the exhibitions in the United States, and the traveller in Canada will probably contrive to make a diversion which will include New York. Likewise, those who cross to New York will want to give some time to Canada, and to meet both requirements people in the travel business have made plans combining the two countries. The first of the two periods of excursion rates for outward travel runs until April 23, and the later one is from June 26 to July 23. The four weeks they allow on the other side are time enough to see the outstanding features of our panorama.

It should be the aim of every traveller in the Dominion to reach the Pacific Coast, and if time is limited that necessitates drawing up a careful itinerary with little elasticity, otherwise the temptation to see more of the eastern provinces than the time allows may be too strong. Always keep it at the back of your mind what grandeur awaits you in the far west.

WHERE THE KING AND QUEEN WILL STAY: The dining-room in the timber house at Jasper Park, Alberta; one of the many stopping places arranged for the forthcoming Royal tour of the Dominion

THE MAGIC BEAUTY OF CANADA'S FAR WEST: A C.P.R. train in the Fraser Canyon

This scenery is in the seven reservations known as the Rocky Mountain parks, and the greatest of them is the Jasper, of more than 4,000 sq. miles. It is an immense mountain wilderness of majestic peaks, ice-fields, canyons, and beautiful coloured lakes. Banff has been a national park for more than half a century, and is the oldest in the Dominion. It is in Alberta, about 85 miles west of Calgary, and is traversed by the Canadian Pacific. Nestling in the picturesque valley of the Bow River is the township of Banff, administrative centre of the park, and from it are roads and trails in all directions. There are hundreds of lofty peaks within the boundaries of the park. One of the loveliest spots of all is Lake Louise, 40 miles from Banff, and bounded

FEEDING BABY MOOSE in a Canadian national park

on three sides by towering heights. Mount Assiniboine, known as the Matterhorn of the Rockies, from its resemblance to the Swiss mountain, is the crowning height of the park—nearly 12,000 ft.

There is romance in the names in these parts—Lake Minnewanka, the Valley of the Ten Peaks, the Giant's Steps, Mount Temple, Paradise Valley—all of them famous beauty spots. Then across the boundary of the province, in British Columbia, there is the Yoho Park, the name being an Indian exclamation of wonderment. It has a famous valley to which the same name is applied. Scores of waterfalls pour down the precipitous sides of the valley, the Takakkaw cascade, most beautiful among them, having a drop of 1,500 ft. Farther south is the Kootenay Park with radium springs. To the west of the Rockies are the Selkirk Mountains, in which are the Glacier and Mount Revelstoke Parks. The total area of the seven national parks—there are twenty in all—is nearly 9,000 sq. miles.

In this paradise wild life finds sanctuary and the traveller serenity. A journey in saddle horses and pack train through the Rockies is a great experience, and perhaps the best way of viewing the scenery. The trails sometimes cross routes followed by the prospectors and freighters in the days of early gold rushes, but the journeys are less hazardous now. What a setting, too, for a round of golf! The courses at Banff and Jasper Parks are among the most beautiful in the world.

From the mountains you must go down to Vancouver, the great grain port of the Pacific, terminus of the C.P.R., and one of the finest natural harbours in the world. Victoria, capital of the province, on Vancouver island, has many miles of tree-shaded boulevards and a perfect English climate. Is time no object? Then spend a month cruising and touring in these parts, afterwards crossing the Pacific and home that way. For most of us I fear it will be back through the Dominion, and in passing we can look at some of the points of interest which might have delayed us if we had not jumped right into Jasper at the beginning.

In Alberta again we might have a look at the capital, Edmonton, the gateway to the Peace River country, before we call at beautiful Regina, chief city of Saskatchewan, the great land of wheat. Then to Winnipeg and from the province of Manitoba into Ontario, making for Fort William on Lake Superior—"Big Sea Water." We might cross the lake by one of the fine steamers which maintain its services throughout the summer. It is an interesting experience, and at the eastern end is the drop of some 20 ft. through the locks at Sault Ste. Marie to the lower level of Lake Huron. This is the land of Hiawatha; and the rapids which the locks circumvent are historic ground.

On the far shore we land at Port McNicol and complete the journey to Toronto by train. This is a typical modern Canadian city noted for its beautiful parks and one of the largest universities in the Empire. It is also the gateway to a region of mountains and lakes dotted with hundreds of recreational camps and sporting centres.

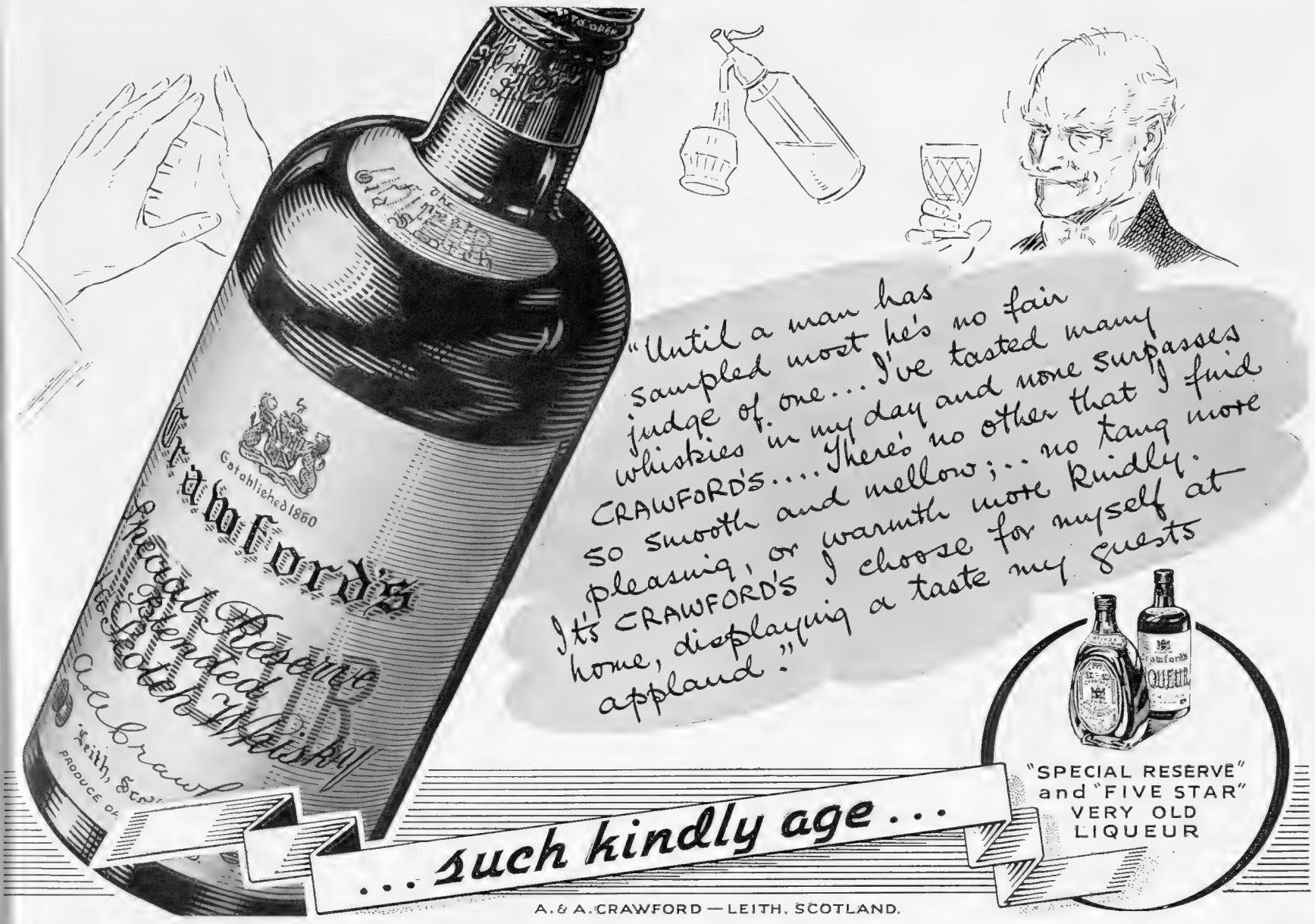
Now is the opportunity for a visit to Niagara Falls, and maybe the idea of making the journey from there to the sea by river steamer will appeal to you. On this voyage of 1,000 miles the steamers thread their way among the Thousand Islands—there are nearly 1,700 of them—shoot many rapids, and make interesting calls on the way to Montreal and Quebec. The services go right down the St. Lawrence to Tadoussac, a little French village at one time the rendezvous of Indians, explorers and fur traders, and penetrate the silent, deep, sombre Saguenay river with its towering capes Trinity and Eternity.

But we have missed Ottawa, which lies up the river of the same name off the St. Lawrence. It is worthy of its position as federal capital, with parks, tree-lined avenues, and fine buildings, notably the new Houses of Parliament. They are well situated on a hill overlooking the Ottawa River, and a striking feature is the Peace Tower.

The Province of Quebec is fourteen times the size of England, and though most areas see little of the traveller, other parts abound in interest and romance. The people, the ways of life, the historic and cultural background and architecture offer that something different which is the eternal lure of the traveller.

Beverley Brooke

CANADA'S THIRD CITY: An impressive overhead view of Vancouver, terminal of the trans-continental railroad and of the trans-Pacific steamship lines. The King and Queen will arrive there on May 29



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EASTER and CALENDAR REFORM:

Facets of an Oft-debated Theme

CHRISTIANITY'S most solemn festival is here; with no date in the calendar to call its own. In 100 years Easter Day falls on the same date not more than three times.

Easter is defined as "a Christian festival in commemoration of the resurrection of Christ." The festival itself, however, pre-dates Christianity. The word is derived from the Anglo-Saxon Eostra or Eostera, the goddess of spring. The ecclesiastical authorities, however, have set the Easter date as "occurring on the first Sunday after the full moon which happens upon or next after March 21."

With the pagans Easter meant rejoicing over the arrival of spring. With the Jews it is a commemoration of the Passover, with the Christians commemoration of the Crucifixion and the Resurrection.

Even within the Christian Church there was dissension as to the Easter Day. The Western Christians observed Easter on Sunday and the Eastern Christians the fourteenth day of the month, no matter what day it came upon. The Hebrews held that their Passover must come on the fourteenth day of the month.

The Council of Nicaea in A.D. 325 decided Easter should be celebrated on the same day and that it should be Sunday, the first Sunday following the full moon after the vernal equinox, March 21. The moon could not always be observed. The day of the full moon had to be calculated. The astronomical mathematicians did not agree on the cycles to be used as a basis of calculation, which created more confusion. The Roman, British and Irish churches celebrated Easter on different Sundays in different years. In 1582, the calendar and the sun were ten days out, and Pope Gregory XIII had to excise ten days from the calendar to get March 21 where it really belonged. For years March 21 hadn't been March 21. It was just a day they thought was March 21. On such wavering uncertainties was Easter based. As Easter dominates about seventeen weeks of the Church calendar the mix-up was pretty far-reaching.

In 1928 the British Parliament passed a permissive statute so that Easter would be the first Sunday after the second Saturday in April. Had that been in effect in 1937 Easter would have been commemorated on April 11, two weeks later than the raw cold day which was Easter day—March 28. Easter would still have been a movable affair but it wouldn't move so much. It might roll around a bit like an Easter egg instead of jumping frantically like an Easter rabbit.

Your wife and mine, your daughter and mine, planning their Easter finery would indignantly repudiate any idea that they observe Easter for anything but its religious significance: the crucifixion, burial and resurrection of Christ. The Easter parade, however, is a reflex of the coming of spring when womenfolk adorn themselves as mother earth herself is doing. Mother earth, however, is too wise to try it in the cold blustery days of March. Her daffodils, crocuses, tulips and other spring flowers don't spring up to be frozen down.

Christian significance of Easter is the joy of the Resurrection which meant so much to the world. Human nature is human nature; and if the world is to be joyous it needs a period of the year when the whole world smiles, when nature is reawakening, when there is a world resurrection to remind the world of the Great Resurrection.

There is a move afoot to reform the calendar and to set Easter on a fixed date. Christmas Day is a fixed day—and it is not the 1939th anniversary this year of Christ's birth into this world. Theophilus of Antioch stated that the Gauls celebrated the birth of the Lord on December 25. Hippolytus at a later date said Jesus was born on December 25, a Wednesday. A Latin chronographer in A.D. 254 stated that Christ was born on December 25, a Friday. A German commentator insists that December 25 A.D. 1 was a Sunday, neither Wednesday nor Friday. Other chronologists put the birth date variously as August 28, May 20, April 19, and April 20. Clement of Alexandria puts it as November 17, 3 B.C.

A Latin tract written in Africa in A.D. 243 argues the world was created perfect; flowers in bloom, trees in leaf, therefore in spring. Now the sun and moon (he wrote) were created on a Wednesday. March 28 suits all these considerations—therefore Christ being the Son of Righteousness was born on the twenty-eighth day of March. In Britain December 25 was a festival long before the birth of Christ. In 1644 the English Puritans actually forbade by Act of Parliament any merriment or religious services on that date on the ground that it was a heathen festival. Charles II revived it as a feast but the Scots adhered to the Puritan view.

So with the birth of Christ commemorated on a set date which is not actually an anniversary, why not his resurrection? This is the argument being put forward by calendar reformers throughout the world—a calendar with twelve months of the year. Four of these months would start on a Sunday and have thirty-one days and eight months with thirty days. Every month would have twenty-six week days and the same calendar would serve year after year.

In this calendar, which has been discussed by the League of Nations, Easter and other religious holidays would be stabilised. In such a calendar there would be a fixed Easter; fixed somewhere where spring could find it; fixed so that it is really in the spring; fixed so that the resurrection of nature brings joy to the world as the world commemorates the great resurrection of Christ.

Thomas Wayling

Personal

SCION OF THE HOUSE OF WOLSELEY: Mrs. Garnet Wolseley and her son John, who is a descendant of Viscount Wolseley, the great soldier who suppressed the Egyptian Rebellion of 1882 at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. Mr. Garnet Wolseley is a Chelsea artist specialising in portraiture and flower painting

A NOTED SOPRANO WEDS: Molly de Gunst, a singer well known to Sadler's Wells audiences, pictured with Mr. Gordon Kingsley Lark, to whom she was married last Saturday

TWINS ROYALLY SPONSORED: Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Kennedy and Mrs. Popovitch (right) with the Kennedy daughters after their christening at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Kent attended the ceremony and are among the godparents

The World of Books

(*Continued from page 72*)

with sheikhs who had the disconcerting habit of dropping in for tea, and added a gazelle and a less enviable creature called a *wowi*, a kind of junior jackal, to their already impressive menagerie. They designed a new wing for the house, took lessons in Iraq cookery, and acquired a local Jeeves with a sense of humour.

When they finally decided to part with him he came to them for a recommendation.

"What recommendation, Mohammed?" asked the twins.

"Memsahib, all butlers get recommendation."

"No, Mohammed, we are sorry that we cannot give you a recommendation. You were a very good boy the first six months, but since then you have been very disappointing. You have not done a good job."

Mohammed stood silent for a moment. Then he asked:

"Memsahib, will you give me a recommendation for the first six months?"

The twins do not add how they dealt with this problem. Perhaps even their amazing resourcefulness was daunted by a really good joke. But I have no doubt that whatever they did in their enterprising and flippant way was quite adequate, and that they are at this very minute making a good story out of it, just as they have made a very good story out of their two years in what is traditionally the Garden of Eden.

For people who, like myself, do not believe that it is the ultimate cruelty to keep a dog in a town, I have found a jewel of a handbook. HOW TO RAISE A DOG (Hamish Hamilton. 6s.) is written by Mr. James R. Kinney and Miss Ann Honeycutt, primarily for their fellow Americans, and has not been anglicised, which is either a pity or a pleasure depending on how you feel about the transatlantic situation.

In any case, the book is unconventional, instructive, and illustrated by Mr. James Thurber. Mr. Thurber's haunted, subhuman humans and his ludicrously expressive dogs have their own appreciative public. It is a large one and may quite possibly contribute to the sales record of this book, which deserves, all the same, to succeed on its own merits.

Mr. Kinney's advice is practical to the point of terseness—"If your dog has a fit in the street, take him home," he writes—and completely unsentimental. But he likes dogs, and most of his counsel is directed towards getting a better time and possibly a longer life for them. It would still be a good book without the drawings, but with them it's an Event in dog literature.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Easter falls again this year in the same month as the ninety-sixth anniversary of the founding of that old-established Society, The Shaftesbury Homes and "Arethusa" Training Ship. Since its inception, it has taken homeless, destitute, orphaned and other poor children under its care, giving them a home in deed as well as in name, and making the springtime of their lives happy and carefree, as is the birthright of every child. In the good education and training they receive, they are given a 100 per cent. chance in life, and when they leave the care of the Society, which has been home to them, they are kept in touch with, and few there are who do not make the most of the chance afforded them. Financial help is most urgently needed. Will you please send an Easter gift? All donations will be gratefully acknowledged from the Headquarters at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

BOOKS RECEIVED

GEOFFREY BLES.—THE BRIDGE OF GEMS. By Louis Kornitzer. 8s. 6d. RIDE TO BATTLE. By Sylvia Stevenson. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION.—B.B.C. HANDBOOK, 1939. 2s. CONSTABLE.—LLOYD GEORGE, 1863–1914. By W. Watkin Davies. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. CRESSET PRESS.—FROM SPANISH TRENCHES: Letters collected and edited by Marcel Acier. 3s. 6d. THE SPLINTER FLEET OF THE OTRANTO BARRAGE. By Ray Millholland. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. GOLLANCZ.—THE FOUR OF HEARTS. By Ellery Queen. 7s. 6d. FOVEAUX. By Kylie Tennant. 8s. 6d. GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.—HOLIDAY HAUNTS: G.W.R. Guide for 1939. 6d. ROBERT HALE.—LAMP OF HEAVEN. By John Barclay. 7s. 6d. HARRAP.—FRONTIERS OF ENCHANTMENT: An Artist's Adventures in Africa. By W. R. Leigh. 10s. 6d. HEINEMANN.—THE FLAT BOOK. By J. L. Martin and S. Speight. Illustrated. 5s. MY DOUBLE AND I: Sentimental Adventures. By Nikolai Gubsky. 10s. 6d. THE TRAGIC LIFE OF VICTOR HUGO. By Leon Daudet. 12s. 6d. JOHNNY PYE AND THE FOOL-KILLER. By Stephen Benet. Illustrated. 5s. THE CITY LIES FOUR-SQUARE. By Edith Pargeter. 7s. 6d. HEINEMANN & HAMILTON.—A NUMBER OF PEOPLE: A Book of Reminiscences by Edward Marsh. Illustrated. 15s. MICHAEL JOSEPH.—GRANDMA CALLED IT CARNAL. By Bertha Damon. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. LAIDLAW.—TAY JOHN. By Howard O'Hagan. 7s. 6d. JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD.—MODEL MEMOIRS AND OTHER SKETCHES FROM SIMPLE TO SERIOUS. By Stephen Leacock. 7s. 6d. LONGMANS.—MY FATHER WAS A GENTLEMAN. By Robert Holmes. 10s. 6d. THE LAWLESS ROADS: A Mexican Journey. By Graham Greene. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. MACMILLAN.—IRISH CAVALCADE 1550—1850. By M. J. MacManus. 8s. 6d. I KNOCK AT THE DOOR. By Sean O'Casey. 10s. 6d. METHUEN.—FROM "DAWN" TO "ECLIPSE": The Story of the Horse. By Cecil G. Trew. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. PITMAN.—FENCING. By G. V. Hett. Illustrated. 4s. DRAMA FESTIVALS AND COMPETITIONS. By John Bourne. 5s. PUTNAM.—WIGTOWN PLOUGHMAN. By John McNeillie. 7s. 6d. EAST OF EDEN. By I. J. Singer. 8s. 6d. RICH & COWAN.—SURGEONS ALL. By Harvey Graham. Illustrated. 18s. ROUTLEDGE.—THE STAR GAZER. By Zsolst von Harsanyi. 8s. 6d. MARTIN SECKER.—BE ALL MY SINS REMEMBERED. By Mara Meulen. 7s. 6d. WARD LOCK.—THE DARK RIDE. By Wallace B. Nichols. 7s. 6d. GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN.—TRAVELS IN THE NORTH. By Karel Capek. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. ARROWSMITH.—JUDITH QUINN. By Conal O'Riordan. 8s. 6d. ARTHUR BARKER.—WITHOUT COMMENT. By Barbara Beauchamp. 7s. 6d.

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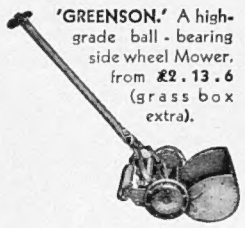

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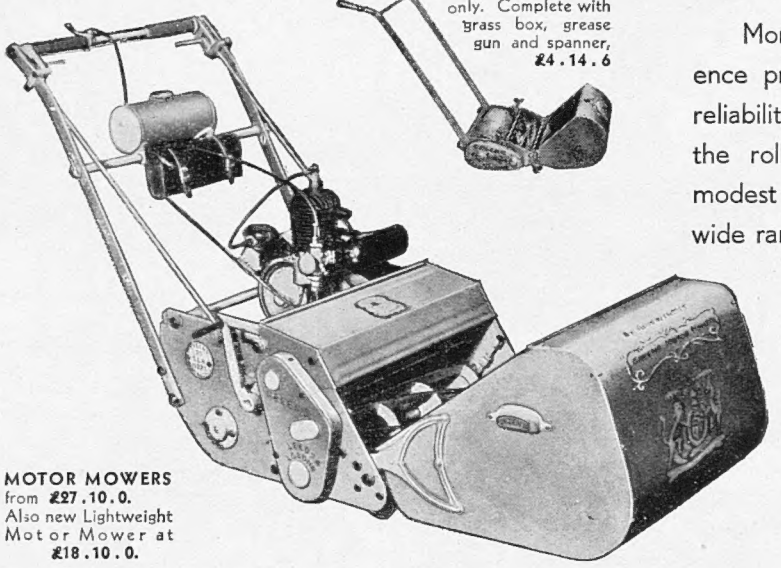

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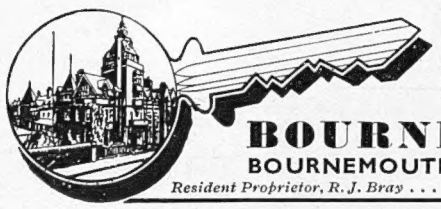

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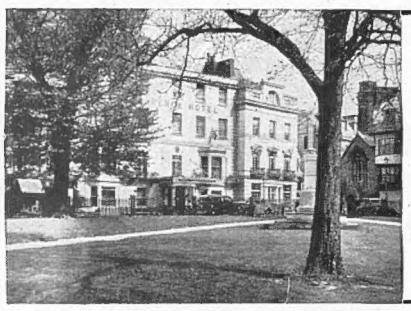

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In Quest of

Places that are at Their Best for the Connoisseur : The

ALTHOUGH, as I write, an east wind whistles down the street and a gale warning comes over the radio, the calendar insists that spring is here, and I suppose we must believe it. And so, in the hope that by the time this article appears in print, spring really will be here, in practice as well as in theory, I propose to take you for a short ramble whereby you can sample some of the spots which are at their best at this season of the year and some of the "finds" I have made from which you can most thoroughly enjoy them.

The first place which I should like you to make for is Tunbridge Wells, as this in itself is a centre for some of the most beautiful scenery in the country. Here, two miles beyond the Spa Hotel, is a turning to the right, Farnham Lane, which, I am told, in bygone days was a pack-horse and coach road used by smugglers, bandits and travellers. If you encounter anyone to-day be not alarmed as it is an odds-on chance that they are coming from that most attractive Elizabethan farm-house called Farnham, where to-day is lavished perfect comfort and hospitality, with lenience to one's purse.

I really question whether I know anywhere else so tucked away, unless it be Sleepy Hollow, near Pulborough. But Farnham is old, genuinely old. Oak beams, open fireplaces, secret chambers ; yet, of even greater surprise, hot and cold water laid on in the principal bedrooms, and the whole place most delightfully furnished.

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And when you at length tear yourself away from Farnham, turn the nose of your car—or your footsteps if you are afoot—towards the coast, as, not 1½ miles beyond the village of Hurstmonceux on the Hastings–Bexhill road, I have another surprise for you—a country house hotel of sheer contentment, in a perfect country holiday setting.

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Springtime: White Friars
Treasures of Cedar House

bathrooms en suite), and 4½ acres of gardens — utilitarian, ornamental, and peaceful.

I have often had White Friars recommended to me by people who have just stopped there for a meal, and I suggest that meal there is often but a prelude to a long stay. For those who want to be near the sea, and yet not by it, White Friars will commend itself. There are eight good golf courses within easy reach, and a tennis court in the grounds, and if it rains there is always a radio gramophone for a dance, and a proper dance floor in the dining-room.

White Friars will always attract those who are appreciative of good food and good wine. Mr. J. E. Wreford, who with his wife runs it (and who previously lived in West Africa), was not afraid to show me the kitchens—in fact, he invited me to see them. In the kitchens, as with the paintwork and the floor coverings, the proprietors have never hesitated in spending money on what they rightly consider the first essentials, and, in consequence, White Friars is achieving a wide reputation for its comfort, its service, and its food.

And now as the time must certainly come when you will have to put an end to your stolen spring holiday, I have a suggestion to make which will, if you act upon it, turn your journey back to London and work into pleasure rather than a pity! Choose the road which takes you westwards through Reigate and Leatherhead, for this, besides leading you through some particularly lovely country, will bring you to the Cedar House Hotel, just outside Cobham—a real gem, which only one in a thousand motorists know of.

From the attractive outside of this hotel which stands almost on the banks of the infantile River Wey and is National Trust property, you would hardly guess the treasures that are within. There is an old Tudor banqueting hall. There are oak beams in profusion—all very solid, as you will discover for yourself if you do not stoop! And built into the wall are some ancient bottles—I wonder what they contain!

But there are more important reasons why you should break your journey, either for a meal or a night, or even longer, at Cedar House. There is cooking to be enjoyed there far above the average. There is very real comfort, wrapped up in an atmosphere of homeliness and geniality. There are, surprising to relate, in this old-world house, modern appointments of every kind—even to central heating. But in any case Cedar House does not belie its name, for it is dry as a bone and warm as toast.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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Spring on the Moors, in the Dales . . . and in your step. Cares are dispersed, and responsibilities made non-existent by an early Spring holiday at

THE CAIRN HARROGATE

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A cuisine far removed from the ordinary.

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THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3231, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscastle (Corn.).—Welltown Manor Guest Hse.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brighton (Saltdean).—Ocean Hotel.
Bromley.—Sundridge Park Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold House Hotel.
Chislehurst.—Heatherbank Hotel.
Clacton-on-Sea.—Grosvenor Court.
Cornwall (South).—Carlyon Bay Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester (Dorset).—Antelope Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.).—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel. Telephone 2666.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Frinton.—Grand Hotel.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Hailsham (Sussex).—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—Prospect Hotel.**** Tel. 3015.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Lytham St. Annes.—Clifton Arms Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Midhurst.—Spread Eagle Hotel.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Polzeath (N. Cornwall).—Dorrit Hotel.
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Thorpeness (Suffolk).—Dolphin Hotel.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Palace Hotel. Tel. 2271.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall. Tel. 2302.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
Washford (Somerset).—Dragon House. Tel. 215.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.

ENGLAND—*continued*

GREAT NORTH ROAD
(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.
Sutton-on-Trent (133¾).—Old England Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

LONDON

Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Bryan House, Blackheath, S.E.3.
Hans Crescent Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl. W.8. Wes. 8121
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Stanhope Court Hotel, S. Kensington, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
United Services Hotel, S.W.7. Tel. Wes. 7131.

SCOTLAND

Callander.—Dreadnought Hotel.
Callander.—Palace Hotel.
Dornoch.—Dornoch Hotel.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—New Carlton Hotel.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel. Tel. 7
Gairloch (Ross-shire).—The Gairloch Hotel.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Gauntown-on-Spey.—Grant Arms Hotel.
Glen o' Dee (Banchory).—Royal Deeside Hotel.
Inverness.—Station Hotel.
Kyle of Lochalsh.—Lochalsh Hotel.
Oban.—Alexandra Hotel.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Pitlochry Hydro.
Rothesay.—Glenburn Hotel.
Skelmorlie.—Skelmorlie Hydro.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.
Troon.—Marine Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

WALES

Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77.
Conway.—Oakwood Park Hotel.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Facing sea.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.

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